Are you in need of a Fountain Pen? See Coupon—page 15.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXI. NO. 576 | SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

THE THIEVES' KITCHEN

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS

TWO GOLD MEDALS awarded.

Superior quality, Popular price.

Sold Everywhere.

☛ See EXCELDA name on every handkerchief.

Ask for EXCELDA
Soft Collars—Fronts—Shirts.

Steele's Adv. Serv.

You'd give her the Earth—

Give her "a little heaven" instead! Give her the dear little home she's set her heart on. Take her to the "Midland" Salons to-day and choose just what she and you together like best from the £100,000 worth of beautiful and splendidly-made furniture. You can have whatever you want. You can pay for it at your own convenience. And you will save money on every purchase.

Money buys more at the "Midland."

Compare the plainly-marked Midland prices with what you would be charged elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same quality. Comparison will convince you that the Midland give the utmost possible value for every shilling you spend.

If you decide to purchase for cash, the Midland allow ten per cent. discount. If you prefer to furnish out of income, under the Midland Ideal Terms, you are not charged a penny for interest or any extras whatsoever.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture TO-DAY.

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 -	£0 5 6
£20 -	0 11 0
£30 -	0 16 6
£40 -	1 2 0
£50 -	1 7 6
£100 -	2 15 0
£500 -	5 10 0
£500 -	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Free Life and Fire Insurance.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15-23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Hours—9 till 7. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Free Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

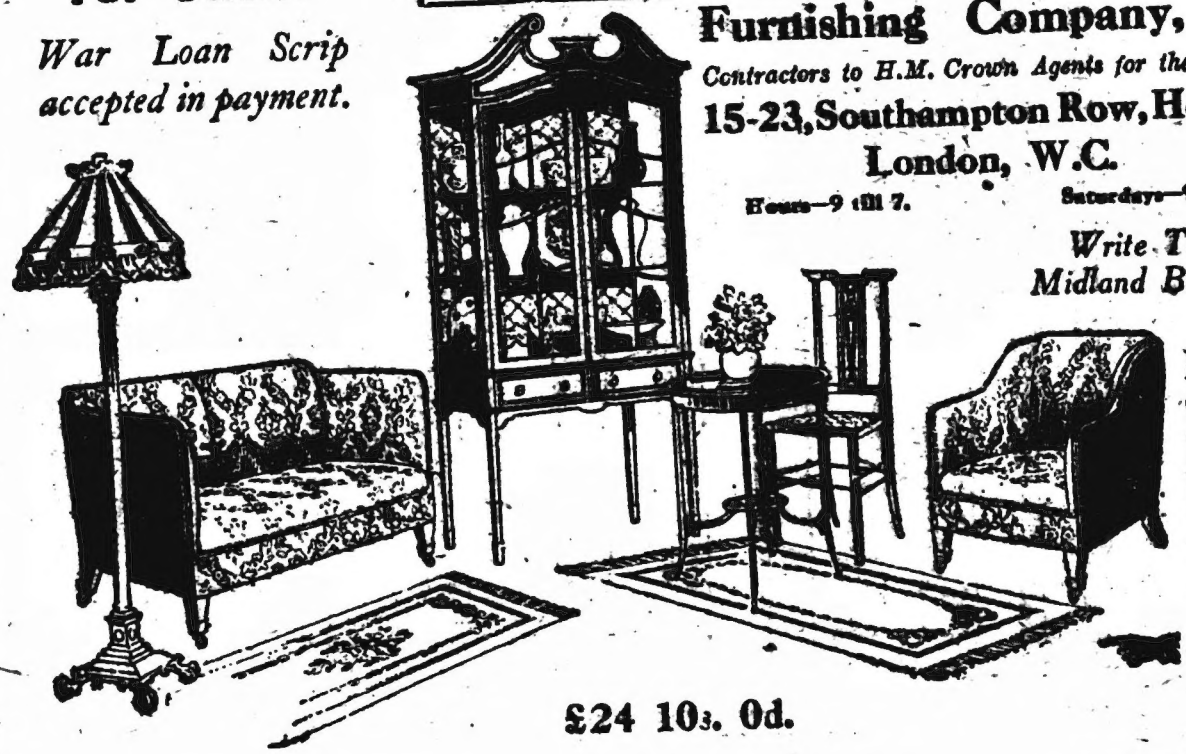
Rail Fares Paid.

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

10% Discount for Cash.

War Loan Scrip accepted in payment.

Write To-day for the Midland Book of Furniture.



Drawing Room Suite.

This charming Suite comprises an elegant inlaid Mahogany Cabinet in Sheraton style, a Settee and two Easy Chairs beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry to customer's choice, a dainty inlaid Occasional Table and inlaid Occasional Chair.

£24 10s. 0d.

£24 10s. 0d.

GREAT LOTTERY

(Authorised by the Board of Trade).

OVER 500 PRIZES

comprising a magnificent collection of Works of Art—now on exhibition in two large studios in Chelsea—to be disposed of by ballot for the benefit of the blinded heroes of the War.

MANY of these pictures are worth over £200 each; the whole collection, which includes sculpture as well as paintings, is extraordinarily interesting and valuable. The works of art that are offered as prizes are presented by the World of Art as a tribute to soldiers and sailors who have lost their sight in fighting for their country. The public by taking tickets in the lottery will be taking its share in this tribute.

Some of the prizes are presented by art patrons who are also artists—The Duchess of Rutland and Sir Philip Burne-Jones. Other well-known art collectors who have drawn on their treasures to add to the striking collection include:—

LADY WANTAGE.
LADY STUART OF WORTLEY.
LADY HAMILTON.
LADY FITZGERALD.
MRS. HOLMAN-HUNT.
MISS MONA GOUGH.
LORD PLYMOUTH.
LORD REAY.
LORD FARINGDON.
LORD HENRY CAVENDISH BENTINCK.

For 5/-
you may win an art treasure by one of these great masters.

They have given Works of Art by such men as:—

SIR EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A.
ALMA TADEMA.
EDWARD BURNE-JONES.
ALFRED GILBERT.
CONDER.
MILLAIS.
HOLMAN HUNT.
SARGENT.
AUGUSTUS JOHN.
WM. ORPEN.

Every 5/-
Lottery Ticket is a subscription to the after-care of our Blinded Heroes.

The Artists themselves are giving of their best. Some of the names are Brabazon, Frank Dicksee, Maurice Greiffenhagen, Lee Hankey, Arthur Hacker, Augustus John, John Lavery, McEvoy, MacKennal, W. Nicholson, Nevinson, William Orpen, Glyn Philpot, Alfred Parsons, John Sargent, C. H. Shannon, Byam Shaw, Charles Sims, and Derwent Wood. "Punch," too, will not be outdone; Mr. F. H. Townsend, the Art Editor, and his notable confrères have worthily responded. The generosity of the Artists has been exercised to the utmost on behalf of those blinded in battle. It is for the public to show its appreciation of this splendid kindness by sending up the sale of tickets daily by leaps and bounds.

This wonderful Collection of Pictures will be on Exhibition at SELFRIDGE'S, Oxford Street, W. 1, after June 20th.

The Lottery is under the management of the Chelsea Art Union. The MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW is the President, LORD STUART OF WORTLEY the Treasurer, and Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR the Chairman.

The Drawing for Prizes takes place at St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park, on Tuesday, July 10th, by some of the Blinded Soldiers.

TICKETS FIVE SHILLINGS EACH.

Art and other Societies, Social and Political Clubs, Philanthropic Organisations, as well as private individuals, are invited to undertake the sale of tickets. Books of ten are available at £2 10s., and remittances of this amount may be made for books of tickets on sale or return by July 7th, when the full amount for unsold tickets will be refunded.

Cheques and Postal Orders must be made payable to the Chelsea Art Union, and crossed "London County and Westminster Bank." Treasury Notes should not be sent by post unless registered.

All communications, and applications for tickets, to be addressed to—

KINETON PARKES, Honorary Secretary,
183a, King's Road, Chelsea, London, S.W.3.

Radium-lighted Watches.

RADIUM is the most expensive mineral substance in the world, and yet it is the substance employed to give the luminous power to the figures and hands of the Ingersoll "Radiolite" watches. True, the proportion of radium used is infinitesimal, but imprisoned within the crystals of another substance containing several other minerals, it causes the substance to glow with a brilliancy that would be quite impossible were radium not used.

14/-

Ingersoll Triumph "Radiolite."

with Louis XIV oval bow, crown and stem.

For the man in the factory or on the land, for postmen, policemen and outdoor workers generally who need an accurate watch for night as well as day, this Triumph "Radiolite" can be most confidently recommended. It is just the watch, too, for the growing boy. It has all the merits for which Ingersolls are famous and is sold at 14/- in thousands of shops all over the United Kingdom.

23/6

Waterbury "Radiolite" Figures.

A small, accurate, good-looking watch, with "Radiolite" figures, made in the original Waterbury watch factory, now exclusively devoted to making this one model watch. Short-winding, jewelled at the points of greatest friction, A good, serviceable watch for business men. 23/6 is the price.

21/-

Ingersoll Wrist "Radiolite."

With cut out Protector as shown, 1/- extra.

Other Ingersoll models from 9/- to 37/6. Nearly all models can be supplied with "Radiolite" figures and hands for 5/- extra.

The wrist watch illustrated is most serviceable—and a strong favourite with "Tommy," "Jack," Cadets and Volunteers, who appreciate its day and night usefulness.

The "Radiolite" grade of luminous material is used exclusively on Ingersolls, which are sold by thousands of shopkeepers throughout the Kingdom; but if your dealer cannot supply you, any Ingersoll model you wish will be sent post free upon receipt of price.

Handsome illustrated catalogue sent post free upon request

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., LTD., 353, Regent House, Kingsway, W.C. 2.

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"COUNTRY LIFE" Cigarettes

MEDIUM STRENGTH

Pure Virginia Tobacco

Regimental Uniforms: Russian Army Trumpeter. Cossack of the Guard.

10 for 4½D.

50 for 1/10

These cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital. Terms and particulars on application to—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS
Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.
P.652

GAMAGE'S

Great one-week

HOSIERY & HAT SALE

June 11th to 16th.

Those not resident near London, should send postal order, enclosing postage for carriage.

These goods are salvage from a torpedoed liner. They are of splendid quality and represent wonderful bargains.

Lot 19J.—1,000 Gent's Coloured Pyjamas, made from soft good-washing materials. Neat stripes.
3 for 11/6 Post 6d. **3/11½** Worth 7/6 Post 4d.

Lot 20J.—Fine Pure Natural Wool Pyjamas, made in up-to-date designs. **6/11½** Postage 4d. extra. well worth 9/6

When ordering by post state chest & waist measurements.

Remember.—This Sale lasts for only 6 SHOPPING DAYS.

BE WISE AND ORDER AT ONCE

GAMAGE'S, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

You will be the best of friends with the roughest roads when riding a

BROOKS

the saddle which generations of Cyclists have proved to be supreme in comfort-giving qualities.

BROOKS BOOK — Post free.

J.B. BROOKS & CO. LIMITED.
82 Criterion Works. BIRMINGHAM.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 18.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXI. No. 576. Week ending Saturday, June 16th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Kitchener!

Did you notice that conspiracy of silence between the Press and the Politicians on the anniversary of the death of Lord Kitchener? JOHN BULL was, we believe, the only journal in all Britain that paid any serious tribute to the memory of our lost hero. Such is—death!

The Honours List.

The Birthday Honours fell like a damp squib upon "Fleet Street"—which had been preparing for something exciting. With a few exceptions it is difficult to understand the selection, and we heartily endorse the suggestion that, as in the case of the V.C. and other great military distinctions, the *reason* should be published with the Honour.

R. I. P.

Poor Willie Redmond, he died as he lived—an Irish soldier and gentleman.

Haig v. Hague.

Which side are *you* on? The least we can do is to name the real Peace Conference after the great British warrior.

Unfounded Rumour.

It is not true that, in view of the refusal of the sailors and firemen to convey Ramsay Macdonald to Russia, the Kaiser has placed a submarine at his disposal.

Guilty.

According to the *United Methodist*, we are not worthy "of the privilege of tying the Rev. F. B. Meyer's bootlaces." We plead guilty.

Lord Northcliffe.

So, by degrees, the Government is recognising the value of the services of the Prince of the Press, and yet it was only the other day that the *Mail* was being publicly burnt! We may yet live to see—but we have given up prophesying.

A Belated Convert.

From the *Daily News*: "The Government has now only to send Mr. Horatio Bottomley to Paris or Rome to satisfy the public that things really are moving, and that the people who do things are all being employed."

Premium Bonds.

They are coming. Here is the Vicar of St. Augustine's, South Croydon—the Rev. J. Henry White—telling his flock that he sees "no objection" to the scheme. By the way, he—and everyone else—might subscribe to that humane lottery for the blinded heroes at St. Dunstan's—of which more in the advertisement on another page.

Winston Back!

Mr. Lloyd George would do a clever and a wise thing by roping Mr. Churchill into his Government. Let him also make Mr. Asquith Lord Chancellor—and he might then keep his Ministry together for a bit.

No, Thank You!

A Glasgow reader asks us to offer ourselves as Chairman of the Irish Convention, and says: "I happened to suggest your name in the course of conversation with Orangemen and Nationalists, and they all agreed that you would make an ideal Chairman." Many thanks, but *our* part will begin after the Convention has broken down.

The Prince of Wales' Fund.

Is it proposed to make a grant from this fund to "sufferers through the war" amongst the employees of breeding and racing establishments, ineligible for military service, who have been thrown out of work? Meanwhile, we notice a donation of £5,000 to the Women's Emigration Branch of the Salvation Army—and we don't like it.

Fame.

Down the New Kent Road is a most estimable tradesman—a scenic artist, to be precise—named John Bull; and sometimes our correspondence gets mixed up with his. Here is the latest instance: "On His Majesty's Service—Post Office. The Editor, JOHN BULL, 134, New Kent Road, S.E." We should have thought that the Post Office—whose biggest customer we believe we are—would have known our address by this time.

The Premier's Blunder.

Mr. Lloyd George must be careful. We have given him practically a blank cheque on our patriotism, but to let a man like Ramsay Macdonald go to Russia—and, *en route*, call at Stockholm—is a terrible, if not a fatal, blunder. A few more such mistakes and—well, people will begin wondering.

The Leeds Conference.

What a horrible fraud this was; and why the Press took any notice of it is incomprehensible. None of the so-called delegates had any right to vote on behalf of anybody but himself—and half of them were raw youths of twenty-five who ought to have been in the Army.

The Blue and Khaki League.

This week we are busy with our "Lightning Campaign" against the threatened ruin of the horse-breeding industry—and then for the formal inauguration of the League.

Great increase in our Free War Insurance Benefits. See Coupon, page iii of cover.

Thanks to the War.

According to Lord Hugh Cecil, there is no Unionist Party now in existence, and it is doubtful if there is a Liberal Party. So we have something to thank the war for, after all.

As Bad as the Huns.

If anything could possibly be worse than the way in which the Germans have treated the laws of international warfare and of humanity, it could only be the barefaced robbery practised by our own food profiteers. The moment there is talk of control they force up the already inflated prices, in the hope of getting a higher official maximum. Meat is the latest instance.

Objects in the Huts.

Surely it is thoughtless—to say the least—of the Y.M.C.A. to employ Objects in their huts to wait upon good soldiers. Some of the skunks, in a Staffordshire camp, caused trouble by arguing with the troops, and the Y.M.C.A. was asked to remove them. They did this promptly, but we now hear that the same gang are employed in huts in the Birmingham district. Knowing that the Objects are objectionable, the Y.M.C.A. should not obtrude them upon brave men.

First-Class Gaol Birds.

Isle of Man folk are peaceable and law-abiding, and the prison accommodation is small. It was more than sufficient until German prisoners committed crimes enough to cause the gaols to overflow. So convicted Germans are now sent to the mainland to "do their bit," and they return to their home-from-home when they have served their sentence. About a month ago seven gaol-birds returned from England escorted by two policemen. Saloon tickets were bought for them, the difference in the fare representing about 27s. There is no limit to our kindness to (unclean) animals.

Our Own Folk.

Near the Marble Arch was to be seen (and may, perhaps, still be seen) a man of most respectable appearance, looking very white and sad. He was selling pictures, on the kerb, and a card proclaimed him as a returned prisoner, exchanged from Ruhleben. By profession he was a marine engineer, but he is helpless now and broken by confinement, living with a tube in his throat. When we pamper German prisoners so, and coddle them, and pay them large wages, cannot something be done for such a man, who has suffered so for his country?

Gift of the Gab.

The Town Clerk of Reigate has a silver tongue and a persuasive manner. He has also an Assistant Clerk, on whose behalf he employed his other attributes before the Appeal Tribunal at Croydon. The Assistant Clerk, named Hoggins, is 29, and quite "indispensable" to the Reigate Corporation. The Tribunal thought they ought to consider the views of the military, who wanted Hoggins, but "so persistent and so cogent was the Town Clerk's advocacy, that the Tribunal, while still holding its own position, decided to dismiss the Military appeal." Although they knew their duty, they were bamboozled by artful palaver.

Not a "Rodney."

A Dudley discharged soldier, on substitution work at Netherton, was summoned for neglect of duty by losing time. He said he couldn't work, because he wasn't getting sufficient food. Alderman Hughes passed the gentlemanly remark: "You ought to clem if you won't work. You are a regular waster." Defendant: "I wasn't a waster in France, sir. I wouldn't mind going back." Again was the Alderman a perfect gentleman: "All rodneys say that." The soldier-man, still polite, said, "There are no rodneys out there, sir." We do not quite understand what a rodney is, so we will not apply the term to Mr. Hughes. But we think he can be very offensive quite needlessly.

Details from India.

At a certain barracks in India the workshop for some time past has been run in the style of a private garage, using spare parts belonging to Government for the doctoring of other people's vehicles. There was said to be no time to attend to Army lorries, yet at that moment four light cars in private ownership were under repair in the Army workshop. We have details available, if the proper authority is interested at all.

Fine Profiteering Stunt.

On a profiteering stunt the teashops are seldom likely to be many beats behind the band. "Eat Less Bread," shout ten thousand hoardings, and the shops see that you do it, for they cut up the 2 lb. sixpenny loaf into sixteen pieces, and serving it out to customers at a penny a piece make 1s. 4d. out of it. There are nastier names for this sort of enterprise, but we shall merely call it an outrageous imposition.

The Land and the Lady.

More about St. Ermin's: A country girl, a farmer's daughter, applied at the Hotel, also at Upper Baker Street, for a position on a farm. She is experienced in milking, butter-making, milk-separating, and, in fact, in all sorts of farm work where woman's labour is employable. She was piloted through numerous Departments and interviewed by about a dozen ladies, many of whom apparently would not know a cow if they saw one. They took particulars and references, but not yet has she heard a word from them. One of the ladies wished to know how many calves she could milk!

"The Limit."

With reference to our remarks on the case of William Conduit—the Codford postman who, though he has a withered arm and a club foot, has been called up by the Devizes recruiting office four times—one of the members of the recruiting staff has motored over to Codford and demanded from Conduit the name of the person who informed us of the facts, threatening that if it were not revealed he would put the matter in the hands of the local police, who would obtain the original letter from us. The Devizes recruiting office has already made itself look sufficiently idiotic without elaborating the exhibition.

The M.D. and H.B.

The Mersey Dock and Harbour Board is one of those public bodies rich enough to be generous to its employees on active service, but apparently disinclined to be so. To cut down separation allowances to wives to the very lowest figures is bitter discouragement to the men now in uniform. Some have lost their homes, but were hoping their loved ones managed to carry on, until fresh deductions were made and the women declared actually to be in debt. Money has also been stopped for uniforms previously supplied by the Board—uniforms the men say they have not received. It is a sorry tale.

Without Warning.

Scene: Southend. *Time:* About 9.30 p.m. on Bank Holiday. *Characters present:* A great crowd of people around the bandstand, trying to snatch a little happiness. And then, suddenly, a great noise as of bombs and gunfire, with star shells, and the hum of aeroplanes. The natural thought was, "A raid!" and there was a rush for shelter, with women shrieking aloud and little children crying. The gunfire lasted till about 11.15 p.m., and it was only "practice" after all. But, surely, notice of some kind should be given in such a case, so as to preclude the possibility of a scare with resultant fatal accidents.

A "John Bull" Pen for every Reader. See Coupon, page 15.

Wandsworth and C O.s.

At the last meeting of the Wandsworth Borough Council, "owing to the shortage of labour it was decided to make inquiries to ascertain whether the services of Conscientious Objectors could be obtained to assist in the removal of house refuse in the borough." It strikes us as an appropriate and useful form of national service for these persons; but the inhabitants of Wandsworth, judging by numerous letters which have reached us, are up in arms. "What!" they seem to cry in chorus, "insult our house refuse? Not if we know it!" And we don't blame them.

Vulgar Luxury.

Luxury being strictly forbiddtn and threatened with all sort of mysterious penalties, it is perplexing to find luxury still blatantly and vulgarly advertised. A daily paper contains the advertisement of an establishment announcing itself as "The Newest, Brightest, and Most Recherché Hotel in London." And this new hotel also asserts that it is "Unsurpassed for Luxury of Appointments and Decoration . . . Furnished in the best style, regardless of Expense." If these outrageous claims are true in fact, the Director (or Detector) of Luxuries should attend to that hotel and its directorate.

Punishing the Good Samaritan.

Mr. William Jenkins, of Tipton, heard of a woman who had fallen and broken her thigh. Being a good man, William Jenkins took her to hospital in his cart. Somebody, being a fool, pulled him up to Court because he had omitted, in his helpful, anxious haste, to fix certain lights to his cart. "In view of the circumstances, the Bench at West Bromwich let him off with a reduced penalty of 5s." It might be Contempt of Court to call the Magistrates "fools," so we will "let them off" by doubting, not the strength of their heads, but the warmth of their hearts. In the Bible, they did not "run in" the Good Samaritan.

For a First Offence.

This story is short and—not sweet. An ex-soldier, suffering from poverty and illness, sent to work on munitions but still very ill, took another man's bicycle, and sold it for £1. At Nottingham Guildhall the Chief Constable said the cause of the prisoner's lapse was the facts we have stated, for "he had not been in trouble before." He was, however, sent to gaol for 14 days. "His wife, who was in Court nursing the baby, swooned." That kind of case makes us wish the Magistrates would take a turn in suffering, and swoon instead of their victims. There is a First Offenders' Act, under which the poor fellow should have been placed on probation; though his miseries were many, he had sinned but once.

An Old, Old Story.

The soldier, discharged after being wounded at the Dardanelles, and now able, as we stated recently, to get merely casual employment as a ship's painter on the Clyde—the regular jobs being reserved for men of military age—is not alone in his complaint. After nearly two-years-and-a-half service in France and Belgium, a soldier known to us returned to work at the Cunard Steamship Company, Huskisson Dock, Liverpool, where he had been employed for eleven years. He found himself among strangers of military age. They were and are getting the best of the work, while this man and several other discharged Tommies are thrown aside as soon as ever things get the least bit quiet. "I wish to state," says the ex-soldier, "that the majority of these young men openly boast that they only came here to avoid the Army, and that as soon as the war is over they intend returning to their former jobs." Not a creditable state of affairs.

An Unfit.

Not only does the Army take unfit men, but in at least one case it refuses to permit a man to get fit. He is suffering from double hernia, had arranged to undergo an operation, and a bed in hospital was prepared for his admission. The Merioneth Appeal Tribunal asked the Recruiting Officer at Dolgelly not to call up that recruit till after the operation, but he was ordered to join the Colours, and is now with the M.T. Section!

"Eat Less Bread!"

Such is the admonition staring at us from the walls. It ought to read, "British people eat less bread, If you don't you'll soon be dead." Some of the bread now on the market is the most damnable concoction which ever came out of an oven. It is doubling-up one-half the population with indigestion and constipation, and the other half with vomiting and diarrhœa. This is one of the results of consulting with the millers and bakers for advice about what to make bread of. What numbers of them are making it of we don't know. All we know is that if the new Food Minister does not alter the composition, he won't be in office many weeks before he is hanged, drawn and quartered.

A British Subject.

A young woman living in London met with a refusal to enrol her at the Labour Exchange for munition work, on the alleged ground that she is "not a British subject." It is not a true charge. Her father, an Abyssinian, lived in England for 45 years, her mother is English, and the girl and her three brothers were all born here. Regarding those brothers, this: One is discharged from the Army, with left arm amputated; the second is in similar case, with his right arm useless; the third brother, just turned 17, is in training. With that record of fighting and wounds in the family, it is grotesquely unjust to brand the girl as an "alien." She is entitled to work, and another application to the Labour Exhange must secure less shabby treatment.

A Message from Greenock.

A soldier, married, with one child, received wounds at the Battle of the Aisne resulting in a broken jawbone, lose of left eye, and part of the roof of his mouth. After a long while the plucky fellow went back to his trade as driller, and got work at a shipbuilding yard at Greenock, being put on a light job. He "got on all right" for six months, but was then put on to heavy work. The vibration of the machine opened a wound in the arm (we omitted to mention that wound up above; it was an extra!) and the arm was stiff next morning. "What's up?" asked the foreman. He was told, and he said "Take a week's notice." The ex-soldier wants us to do our best for him. We will commence by insisting on the bare justice of re-instating him on his "light job." That must be done.

The Dignity of Dorset Square.

The P.O.W. Hospital for Wounded Officers (Gt. Central Hotel) possesses no garden. Near by is Dorset Square, with private grounds in the centre. The officers have applied for permission to use the Square Garden, and the denizens of Dorset Square have been circularised by the Trustees to obtain their consent. The circular says: "It is proposed to make adequate restrictions as regards the granting of the privilege; and the arrangements as to the number using the Square at any one time would be controlled by the Committee." If Dorset Square cannot do the thing decently, it is scarcely worth doing. To impose "restrictions" upon wounded officers would be intolerably supercilious. Dorset Square must be graceful, and say "Gentlemen, the Garden is open for you, without restrictions. Honour us with your company."

If you want £250, try "Bullets." See page 20.

In Sad Contrast.

Two quotations:—"A Broken-hearted Soldier's Wife" writes: I have buried two children in the last four months, one 13 months old, and a girl of five years. I tried hard to get my husband home to see our child. It was hard to hear her crying for her daddy." The other is the "line" beneath the portrait of a young officer: "Captain —— ——, who is returning from Mesopotamia to wed Miss —— —— next month." The two items, side by side, seem sadly discrepant.

Sorrowful Salonica.

Some time ago we gave a hint to our Conscientious Coward friends, that if they did not wish to fight they should go to Salonica—a residence in which place means a constant fight with the most damnable climate in the theatre of war. But we do not wish the Tommies out there to think that we discount their difficulties, privations, and terrible hardships, and the splendid work they are doing against the finest troops in the Near East. The tortures of marching in that hellish hill country, with its lack of roads and with icy mountain streams to be forded, are great, and the boys bear them bravely. God bless 'em!

Waste and Want.

If Mr. Lloyd George or anybody else can now convince the public that there is any scarcity of food in the country, or that they themselves believe there is likely to be, he will have to explain a great many more facts in the situation than he has yet done. One would be, for instance, why so scandalous a waste of fish is allowed at Billingsgate day after day. Again, we are told that at Narrow Lane, Limehouse, County Council Wharf, hundreds of tons of potatoes, onions and eggs, allowed to go to waste, may be seen tipped by the cartload into refuse barges. Not so long ago, too, 150 tons of bacon was sold to a soap manufacturer for 1½d. a lb. Where are the Food Controller's inspectors? Are they all asleep?

The Golden Murphy.

A comment in the *Chicago Herald* of January last also illumines the whole field of alleged food control in this country. "It seems impossible," says that paper, "that war-stricken England could send potatoes to Chicago to compete with the product grown in Illinois, Wisconsin, and the Western States; but such is the fact. They are no better than the American-grown, but the prices to which potatoes have been raised has enabled British growers to ship all the way to Chicago and dispose of their product in Chicago at a profit." On the whole, the British farmer will feel rather sorry when this war is over.

Racing.

As we predicted, the Government's hasty and ill-considered ban upon all forms of racing in Britain—whilst Germhuny is carrying on as usual—has brought terrible trouble upon it. There is no more patriotic body than the sporting public, who are prepared to make any sacrifice for the country's sake, but who—not being simpletons—are quick to discern the hand of the faddist and the spoil-sport behind much of our so-called War Emergency Legislation.

Horse-breeding.

But it is from the horse-breeding point of view that the principal opposition arises. For three centuries Britain has been the home of the thoroughbred, and it has be n the blood-stock market of the world. The action of the Government has already driven this industry out of the country. Altogether, Mr. Lloyd George will find at the forthcoming General Election that he has alienated the sympathy of a very powerful section of the community, whose votes will outweigh those of the cranks and killjoys whom he has been in the habit of regarding as the mouthpiece of "Public Opinion."

The Brothers Wood.

The Brothers Wood, who do a double turn as lay preachers, have been, as already pointed out, moving earth and the Rev. F. B. Meyer in a frantic effort to secure exemption for themselves. They are, you know, endowed with gifts almost divine as preachers, evangelists, and ranters. At least, they modestly tell us so. Not so very long ago the names they billed and printed were "Fritz and Arthur Wood," and a great deal of their "literature," notices, and photographs displays their names in that style. It would be interesting to know just when, how, and why "Fritz" transmogrified himself into "Fred."

A Great Boon.

Now that the enemy air-raids have recommenced in a persistent and aggravated form, the swarm of Taubes doing even greater injury to life and property than the Zeppelins, and this by day as well as night, we have decided to leave no risk to non-combatants uncovered by our great Free War Insurance Scheme. We have, therefore, as will be seen by a perusal of the particulars announced on page iii of cover, greatly increased its scope and benefits. This, the pioneer Free War Risks Insurance, is unquestionably now the most generous ever offered to the public, and no one who values peace of mind in these strenuous times should neglect to take advantage of it. Within the last few days we have paid a considerable number of claims arising out of the big raid on the Thames Estuary. You never know when it may be *your* turn!

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Our patriot mariorman refuse
By Ramsay to be made of use;
Say they, If Socialists like him
Would make for Stockholm, let them swim!

The Lords are dilatory still
In passing the Hun Princes' Bill;
Unless they pull themselves together,
John Bull will give them nasty weather.

The difference, 'tis hard to see,
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee;
Each blames the other; but 'tis clear
Each is a shameless profiteer.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To Major-General Pershing, U.S. War Staff.

DEAR GENERAL,—We welcome you to the old country on your way to take part in the great conflict which has welded together the English-speaking races in a great League of Civilisation against the infamous Hun. As you say, you come as advance standard-bearer of the great American Army which is to fight side by side on the battlefields of the West, scarred with the awful evidences of nearly three years of war. You and your staff have already realised the warmth of British sentiment, while you, on your side, are ready to prove the immortal truth "Blood is thicker than water." May God protect you in your great adventure. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—May I suggest that the recent Birthday "Honours" List should be the last for the duration of the war? I refer, of course, to the civilian awards, and not to decorations for military and naval services. After all, the manufacture of viscounts and barons, knights and baronets is not an essential industry, and I suggest to you that, in these days of universal sacrifice, patriotic service should be its own reward. The time is opportune to free the pursuit of politics from the reproach of sordid motives and to elevate the standards of public service. The suggestion that Party funds should cease to be secret is a good one. What do *you* say? JOHN BULL.

To Robert Donald, Esq., Editor, "Daily Chronicle."

DEAR SIR,—Had passports for Petrograd been bluntly refused to Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., F. W. Jowett, M.P., and Fairchild, I have no hesitation in saying that every right-minded patriot would have rejoiced that His Majesty's Government had imitated the sound sense of the French Government. I notice you print the opinion of your Parliamentary correspondent that such a refusal would have been "indefensible." Surely you are not ignorant of the records of the men and of those they represent? They stand for all that is bad and weak in British policy for dealing with the Hun, and would be the first to betray the pass. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Tatfield—a Blind Widow.

DEAR MADAM,—Such a story as you told in the Bloomsbury County Court should make the blood of every decent man boil with indignation. You, a blind widow, led into Court by your daughter aged nine and your little grand-daughter of four, have three children dependent upon you; both your sons are in the Army, the younger, who earned 30s. a week and kept the home together, having been taken in March. Yet from that time until now you have not received a penny from the War Office. You owe £3 5s. for rent, and your landlord humanely brought the case into Court in order that public attention should be called to this, one of many crying scandals. Three children are dependent upon you, and all you have is from your grown-up daughter, who earns 16s. a week. And yet you are one of those the Food Economy officials enjoin to "Eat Less Bread." God may forgive such callousness—I cannot. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Canon Waugh, Canon-in-Residence, Ripon.

DEAR CANON,—At last, I am able to welcome the stern truth from the lips of a clergyman. You spoke your brave words in Ripon Cathedral, moved by a courage that charms me. Let me repeat some of them: "The time had come for a reconsideration of the subject of reprisals. Forbearance . . . had been in vain. It was construed as weakness, and still our women and children, our non-combatants and invalided, were massacred 'according to plan.' . . . We might lose the comfortable sense of superior virtue, but what right had stay-at-homes to indulge sentimental feelings at the expense of others? Let us lose virtue—let us be accursed from Christ if it must be so, 'for the sake of our brethren, our kinsmen after the flesh.' But once let the raids cease and all retaliations should cease also." Never were braver, graver things said by a priest of the Church. I long to hear them echoing in all the Cathedrals of an agonised and angry land. JOHN BULL.

To Dudley Docker, Esq., Chairman, Metropolitan Carriage, Wagon and Finance Co., Limited.

DEAR SIR,—I see, by the speech you have just made to your shareholders, that you attach great importance to the growth and influence of the Federation of British Industries which you were largely instrumental in forming. That, of course, is an employers' union, and of itself could do little for that closer co-operation after the war between Capital and Labour which is so essential if we are to rebuild our commerce and industry upon a broad and lasting base of sympathy and goodwill. But I also note that you bestow your blessings upon the National Alliance of Employers and Employed. There you are on safe and sound lines, and show the spirit which induced me not long ago to nominate you as Commerce Minister in *my* Business Government. May I put your name down? JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. T. F. B. Twemlow, St. Peter's, Preston.

DEAR VICAR,—I am afraid you are a non-smoker; otherwise you would not be so violent in your utterances concerning the harmless, comforting, consoling fag. "What opium has done for the East, so cigarette smoking is doing for the West." That is one choice remark of yours. Think it over; it is—well, an exaggeration, is it not? Excess in smoking is bad; that is admitted. But every excess, in any line or sphere, is bad—even excess in controversy by a clergyman is deplorable. And you indulge in it till your pen runs away with you. You begin to scream about social dangers, souls unable to resist temptation, minds useless, and bodies diseased, all leading to a lunatic asylum. "Chivalry and knightly courtesy are but tinkling cymbals"—so you declare; and you proceed to ask, "Shall it be with us as with Nineveh and Tyre?" No, sir, it shall not, if we keep our heads cool and our wits steady. JOHN BULL.

To E. D. Morel, Esq.

OBNOXIOUS ONE,—You still dare to breathe the air of a liberty-loving world, and yet have the audacity to publish a book in which you suggest, with more insolence than ignorance, that the whole future of civilisation depends on the restoration to Germany of her African Colonies. At the same time you vilify France, the country of your birth. Let me tell you that, whatever poisonous rot may be talked about "no annexations," Germany has no more chance of regaining those Colonies than you have of being claimed as a patriot. Five minutes with Smuts would do you good. Faithful to your infamous record, you are trying to play the game of the Hun. But you were found out long ago, and your name stinks in the nostrils of all decent men. Phew! JOHN BULL.

To Max Pemberton, Esq.

DEAR PEMBERTON,—With most of what you say in regard to the "hidden plague" I am in practical agreement, and I trust your disclosures may serve to arouse public opinion on the matter; but I wish you could have seen your way to indicate a definite policy of reform. To insist with a variety of emphasis that "something must be done," does not carry us very far, and you know as well as I do that the legislative treatment of the problem is as full of difficulties as a hedgehog is of prickles. Yet I believe the man who can devise a practicable scheme for the control of vice and the suppression of disease will enjoy an overwhelming measure of public support. Do you care to try your hand? JOHN BULL.

To Joseph King, Esq., M.P.

DEAR MOUNTEBANK,—I see you are up to your antics again, pretending to great indignation at the proposal to compel Russian residents in this country to fight for the freedom of their native land. Of course, no one takes you seriously—not even your friends—but at times like these your persistent fooling is justly resented by patriots of all Parties whose whole energies are devoted to the winning of the war. Up till now you have contributed nothing to the cause of victory; and, in these circumstances, surely the least you can do is to refrain from a disloyal agitation. Shut up! JOHN BULL.

THE THIEVES' KITCHEN.

DEVONPORT'S ECLIPSE—MINISTRY OF FOOD MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

BY THEODORE DAHLE.

WITH that unconvincing inexactitude which not infrequently decorates its news, the Press Bureau announced that Lord Devonport had resigned his post as Food Controller "on grounds of ill-health." I say unconvincing, because, only the morning before, I read in one of the papers that an official at the Ministry of Food declared that, so far as he knew, there was no truth in the statement that Lord Devonport might be compelled to resign "on account of ill-health," as "he is at work here to-day and in good health"; because in the same breath as the Press Bureau announced his resignation through ill-health it declared he would carry on until the appointment of a successor, and because, by latest accounts, he will return to his post as Chairman of the Port of London Authority. It would of course pain me to hurt the delicate susceptibilities of Lord Devonport with all the honours of his new Viscountcy blushing about him, but on the facts I am bound to believe that the resignation of his Lordship has had no more to do with ill-health than with the man in the moon. He has got out and got under because if ever a man was publicly convicted of being unequal to his job, Lord Devonport is that man. He has done his work for nothing, and probably done his best for the wages.

Always Too Late to Mend.

There is this in favour of the new Food Controller—that, while he will have ample scope for doing better, he can hardly do worse. More helpless and hopeless he cannot possibly be. The eclipse of Lord Devonport at the Ministry of Food ought to mean the eclipse of every vice that clogs the wheels and vitiates the operation of his successor's activities. There is ample evidence for the conclusion that Lord Devonport had little sympathy with, or little care for, the general consumers. He saw them downed and robbed by the highwaymen of industry, the footpads of commerce, and the pickpockets of trade. When he was suddenly awakened from his calm and peaceful sleep to come to their rescue, their purses were cut and their money was gone. The appearance of his Lordship on the scene with sheaves of Orders and amendments of Orders, with warnings and threats and appeals, invariably indicated that those of the community least able to suffer the loss had been fleeced for the time being of their last farthing. Under the new Minister of Food it is hoped we shall hear and see less and less of that solemn and iniquitous farce of consulting the robbers. For nearly three years plunderers, forestallers, and speculators have been hiding meat, jerrymandering meat, and profiteering meat as if they cared neither for a Food Controller in heaven above nor on earth beneath—yet one of the last performances of Lord Devonport was to consult with them, one after the other, as to the easiest terms on which they were willing to let go. And withal, as I write, meat is at its very highest point—beef, 1s. 6d. a pound, live weight, wholesale, and still rising, a single bullock actually fetching £71 10s. It is time the consumer had a chance and the plunderers were compelled to look after themselves. Let the new Food Controller settle reasonable retail prices of foodstuffs from time to time, and leave the profiteers, whose pockets are already stuffed to bursting with their ill-gotten gains, to pick up what plunder they can out of that. One of these lovely mornings, too, it may be—I am not betting on it—the new Minister of the Interior will become so aggravated at the state of fish as to commandeer the supplies and control the prices. Professor Sam Isaacs, the great Aberdonian expert in piscatorial science, is something or other at the Ministry of Fish, but personally I have not yet felt the advantage of his gifted mind and noble task. Before the war the haughty halibut was honoured if I offered her my escort home; now even the humble bloater is too proud to do me reverence.

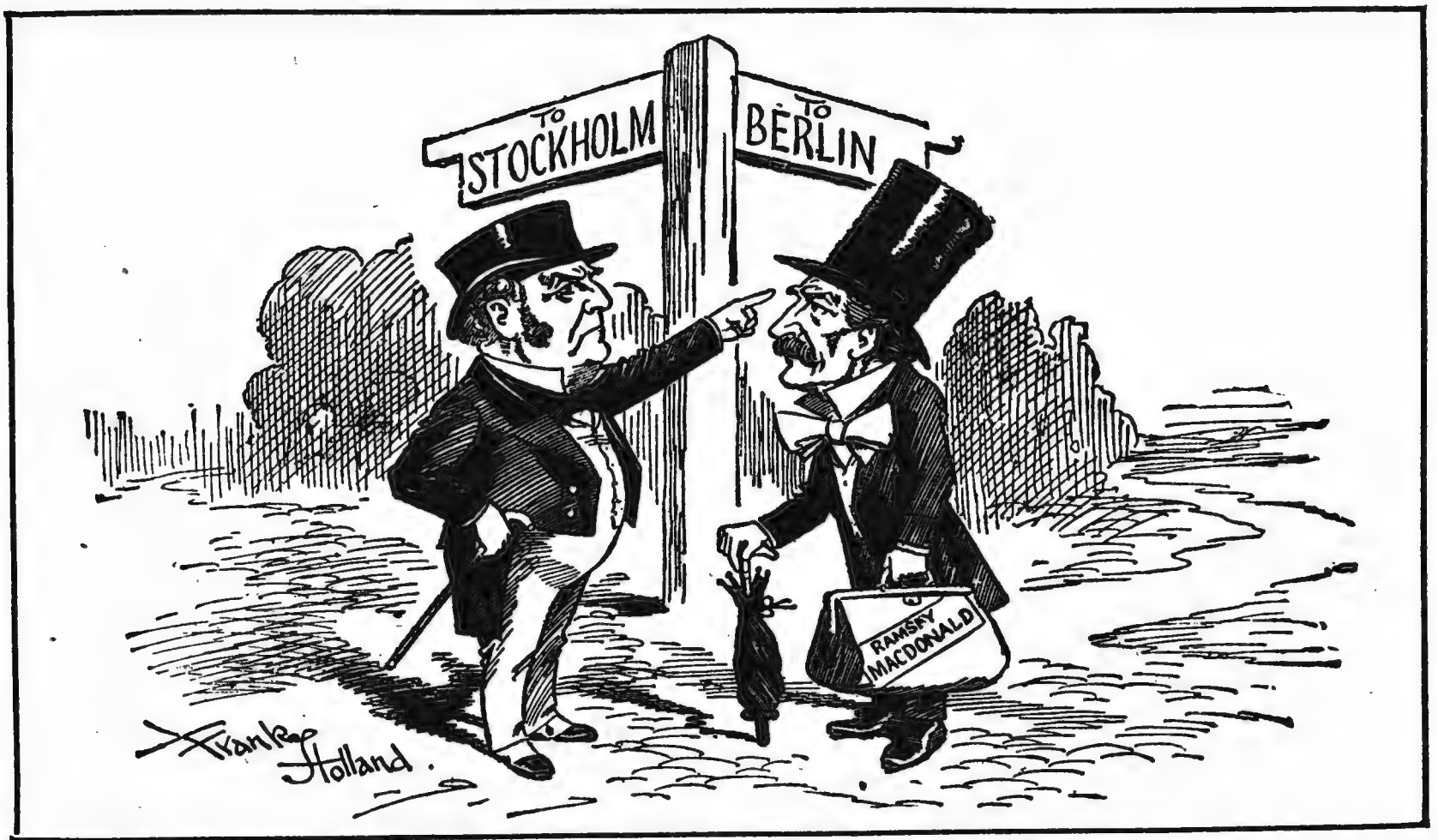
The Proof of the Pudding.

If Lord Devonport has proved nothing else by his procrastinations, contradictions, absurdities, and futilities, he has at least proved that, if nobody is able to control food better than he can, it may as well be left to control itself. Every sufferance has a limit. Depend on it that, at the limit, where there is food the people will have it. It is for the new Food Controller to show that, unlike Lord Devonport, he can be clear in policy, and quick and effective in action. Of official and unofficial admonitions, sophistications, statistics, alarums, and gammon about food shortage and food economy, while plunderers laugh in their faces and pick their pockets, the public have had enough and to spare. Mr. Runciman, the Food Uncontroller among the Old Obadiahs when the war was younger, used to silence his critics by saying there was one thing worse than high food prices, and that was no food at all. Under Lord Devonport we have had Captain Bathurst (whose "health" too has suffered to the point of resignation) repeating time and time again that hoary old wheeze to the same end. It is verbal foolery. To the poorest, or to people with small fixed incomes and big expanding families, what less can it be than sheer mockery and bunkum when they see abundance of food everywhere for those who have the money to pay the plunderer's price? Truth stares out Sham from every food shop in the land.

The Thieves' Kitchen.

Lord Devonport long outstayed his welcome; it is for the new Food Controller to justify his own. He had no adequate *raison d'être*, nor will the new Food Controller have an adequate reason for his office if he is merely to plunder the plunderers of 80 per cent. of their booty in order to augment a voracious Exchequer. The Government of a Christian country have no right to take a sleeping partnership in a thieves' kitchen, and I submit that a Food Controller of conscientious scrupulosity ought to be above aiding and abetting them in so nefarious an enterprise. Not that, in my opinion, the Government will ever get that 80 per cent. With good luck they may get half of it; if, that is to say, the plunderers do not charge more than 40 per cent. for working expenses and wear and tear of religious principles. And let the new Food Controller take this to heart, and mind also: if the test of Business Government depended on the example set, the results achieved, and the spectacle presented by Lord Devonport, assuredly Business Government would be no sooner born in this country than it would be dead and damned. Lord Devonport has miscontrolled and uncontrolled the country's food supplies in a manner of which I would never have conceived a man of his business record capable. I believe he goes out of office scorned and derided by everybody who is not dealing in blood and agony for his own profit. If the new Food Controller does not give the poorer consumer at least a chance of succour from the multitude of throttlers about him, it is not likely he will fare any better. The Ministry of Food must be born again. It must get a change of heart not less than a change of mind, or the Government will have to face at home trouble of which it will be difficult to forecast the trend and end.

THE RIGHT ROUTE.



JOHN BULL.—"No, Sir; when we go to Stockholm, we'll go *via* Berlin!"

MORE MUDDLE IN MESOPOTAMIA.

MUCH NEEDED BOATS EVER LATE AND LOST.

For carrying out our enterprise in Mesopotamia it was necessary to provide river transport. The craft had to come from India, and there was considerable delay in sending them. When they did commence their voyage the fine weather season was gone and ended, so many of those river boats did not get very far through the Bay of Bengal, except downwards. The mistake should never have been made, for the Government of India knows all about the weather round the coasts, and the biggest river trade in the world is controlled from Calcutta. As the mistake *was* made, however, in 1915, one would not expect a repetition of the error in 1916. But it was repeated; the river boats for Basra were again not despatched in time, and a large number were lost practically at the mouth of the Hooghly. The third year, 1917, should have been lucky—or at least luckier—but, no; the identical mistake is being perpetrated, and for the third time inland vessels are being sent out from Calcutta too late to allow a reasonable chance of their safe arrival. Last year, out of 18 vessels of one class only 4 arrived; 14 were lost *en route*. Out of 6 of another class not one arrived! The figures for the present season remain to be ascertained, but nobody with any knowledge or gumption expects them to be satisfactory. Another matter worthy of record concerns a workshop vessel for the same locality. The ship chartered was, naturally, quite unsuitable—but that didn't matter. About £25,000 was spent in fitting her and away she went to Basra. She got there right enough, and was promptly condemned. A little time and money were wasted, and then she voyaged cheerfully back to Bombay, about £15,000 being laid out in returning her to first state. As this story may be continued elsewhere, we leave it now; but we think the little incidents we have outlined will go far to prove that "someone has blundered"! Whoever read the terrible condemnatory Report of the South African War Commission must have fervently hoped that no such indictment would ever have to be presented in future against Government officials, but those scandals are but a drop in the ocean compared with the present-day ones.

VEILED TRAGEDIES.

ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS CASE AT THE ARSENAL.

A further painful case is reported from Woolwich Arsenal, and again it is somewhat difficult to ascertain the actual facts. "My husband went away quite well in the morning about 7 o'clock," writes a South London reader, "but at half-past three the same afternoon two policemen called to inform me of his death, requesting me to go to the Arsenal at once." On arrival there the poor woman was taken to identify her husband's body in the mortuary, but her efforts to discover the exact cause of his death seem to have been completely baffled. In the telegram brought by the police it was stated that the deceased had been "taken ill at 9 o'clock and died at 10," but in response to a later telephonic inquiry someone in authority at the Arsenal seems to have admitted that there had been "several accidents that day." Meanwhile, the widow was warned that an inquest would be necessary—this intimation, however, being subsequently cancelled, with a summary request for the removal of the body. According to the death certificate signed by one of the Arsenal doctors, death was due to natural causes, but whether the fatality was precipitated by any kind of accident or by the conditions of the man's employment, remains a mystery. The widow states that her husband, a strong man of 47, had enjoyed the best of health until quite recently, when on one or two occasions he had complained of a feeling of sickness in the mornings. Apparently he was inclined to trace these symptoms to the effects of his employment, and from what he told her the widow holds to the belief that his untimely death was due to T.N.T. poisoning or some similar cause. However, the Arsenal authorities disclaim responsibility, and all the widow has received by way of compensation is a grant of £5 towards funeral expenses. Unfortunately such mysterious episodes have been far too frequent at the Woolwich establishment, and we strongly suggest to the Arsenal authorities that in all such cases an exhaustive inquiry should be held, the result being fully communicated to the parties concerned, whilst generous financial assistance should be granted to dependents.

AREN'T WE

Startled into Peace!—What's the Ga

By THE E

ISN'T it time that the Government made a very precise and definite pronouncement concerning the peace manœuvring now proceeding on the Continent? If Ministers countenance it, if this country is to be dragged at the tail of the cart of international Socialism, let us know just where we are. We were surprised into war; are we to be startled and rushed into peace? If peace can properly be made, then in God's name let us ring the joy-bells to-morrow. But there is only one sort of peace which the peoples of the British Empire will be ready to endorse and acclaim—peace with honour, with security—peace which shall rivet the irons of impotence on the criminal Kaiser and shall break for ever the power of German militarism. Any other kind would be the peace of Hell. We must reach the Heaven of all our hopes, the goal of all our just desires—attain the aims for which our best blood has been poured out like water to the sacrifice; otherwise betrayal and something worse than death will be our ultimate portion. Now I declare, in all seriousness, that the purpose for which we entered this war is in danger. There is risk. Strong, subterranean—yes, and sinister—forces are at work. To what extent does Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues of the War Cabinet approve and endorse these peace movements? It is time for plain speaking. What is the game? Whither are we drifting?

False Views and Hopes.

Let us face the facts boldly. It is useless to pretend that all is well with Russia. Revolutions are not made with rosewater; great social upheavals spread their waves across the mighty ocean of mankind—their influence is wide, far-reaching, incalculable. The bloodless deposition of the Romanoffs was hailed by those who pretended to know as a staggering blow to Germany—a livid stroke across the arrogant face of the Kaiser. How false was that assumption; how misled were our diplomats and politicians! To those who had quite ordinary eyes the immediate outcome of the Revolution was disquieting. Instead of a speedy and an effective offensive by the Russian Army, disturbances in the streets were followed by disaffection in the ranks. To disorder at home succeeded anarchy at the Front. Germans and Russians fraternised, fighting ceased, troops deserted in their thousands, and, in the words of Russia's War Minister, there was "practically a peace" between the opposing armies. Our Thornes and O'Gradys, sent to Petrograd to confer with the new rulers and to find out what was afoot, might return with fair words and roseate pictures, but my predictions that they had been hoodwinked has proved only too accurate. "Russia strong for war," the People "determined to continue the struggle until Kaiserism was crushed and militarism grovelled in the dust"—all eyewash, nothing more. Russia is not strong for war—she is weak for peace. Just when French and British are rolling back the Germans in the West and blasting a way to the Rhine, Russia fails; her soldiers are torn by dissension, her Generals rendered impotent by internal disruption. And the Kaiser, greedy for any sign of relief—hungry for any indication of a change in the war clouds—sees a ray of hope rising like a new sun on the Eastern fighting front. Irony of Fate, grim jester, hand of fiend or devil—whatever we call it—has played for the enemy, and the gamble is not yet decided. How will it end?

Doubt and Misgiving.

That is the question which every patriot must not only ask himself; he must work to make the answer certain. What are his Majesty's Ministers doing? Are they fully alive to the gravity of the position? Do they realise the extent of the danger? So far, British Labour representatives have utterly failed to understand the situation. And now they who returned with a false picture of the Russian position have been succeeded by Mr. Henderson, of the War Council, who is now in Petrograd. For what purpose has he been sent? We ought to know that. And why are men who since the first day of war have worked against success in the struggle and have schemed incessantly for a compromised peace, to be permitted to mingle their dangerous talk with that of the "International Socialists"? Petrograd or Stockholm—it matters not which; there is danger in both capitals; the plotters for a sham peace are busy. What is the game? Why are passports given to men who have never raised a finger to help their country? Do the Government doubt our power for victory, and are they angling for a patched-up peace? *Is that to be the outcome of the deposition of Mr. Asquith?* If words mean anything, we should have no reason to doubt the sincerity of his Majesty's Ministers; if high-sounding declarations possessed a gilt-edge value, we should need no reassurance—doubt would be dishonourable and misgiving a sin. But when I see what is happening on every hand; when men who have sought to weaken our fighting arm and to work for a kind of peace worse than defeat, are permitted to carry their pernicious influences into European plots which seem to be working for the salvation of a half-defeated Germany, then I declare it is time the Government showed their hand. What, I repeat, is the game?

State the Empire's Demands.

It is all very well for the "Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates" in Petrograd—the real Russian Government to-day—to declare their negative purposes. What the British people desire of *their* Government is a statement—clear, frank, unmistakable—of their positive aims. What *are* we fighting for? France, through her courageous Premier, has placed her cards on the table. Put ours down. Before the "Socialists of the World" meet at Stockholm to discuss, according to their ideas of human liberty, the immediate future of the fighting nations, let these self-appointed representatives of the "Proletariat" know what *we* intend, what *we* demand as the first preliminaries to peace. "No annexation, no indemnities"—that phrase, flung like a lighted torch among the Allies by the Russian Council, cannot be accepted by us. It is all very well to seek to make our objects square with revolutionary

E WINNING?

Game?—Speak Out, Lloyd George!

E EDITOR.

opinions. Ministers may indulge in vague talk in the endeavour to bring into some relationship the aims of the Allies and the dreams of Petrograd. Yet we know that if we are to secure a real and lasting, a firm and unalterable peace with Germany, it must be on terms which make it inevitable that there shall be annexation, as well as retrocession, of territory; that penalties shall be exacted of a nature so crushing and complete—and, above all, that punishment shall be inflicted so condign—as to make a mockery of the new Russian formula. We can pay too big a price even for Russia's good will. Do not forget we went into this war to save Russia. It was because the Government of the Czar made Serbia's quarrel Russia's quarrel that the match was put to the war-pyre of Europe. Britain and France saved the people of the Czar from conquest by the Hun. To-day the revolution in which Russia sees her liberation would have been impossible but for the loyalty of the Allies, whose strength and prowess saved the muzhik from serfdom under the Kaiser. I repeat, we can pay too big a price for Russia's good will—yes, even for her renewed co-operation in the war. The first it is possible to retain if we act with dignified frankness, and do not pretend what we dare not perform. The second we *may* succeed in securing, though I say quite openly that I believe it to be improbable. Therein lurks the great peril. If for the sake of retaining Russia in the fighting line we barter away our rights of victory, we shall have sacrificed all for which we entered the war—all the blood of our heroes will have been shed in vain.

The Price of Peace.

Peace is what we are all yearning for. The world, as I have already said, is war-weary. Humanity is broken and bleeding—the homes of men are desolate, the women weep in the streets. The sickle of Death is reversing the process of Nature. While the world is tilling that the world may live, and the summer sun is pouring down its radiant, life-giving warmth, the pallid Harvester is reaping, reaping, ever reaping. Day and night, without ceasing, he gathers in his ghastly sheaves. It is a merciful thing that those who are fighting think not of these things. We who sit at home see the full terror of the awful tragedy; we contrast the glorious summer time—with its singing birds and green fields—with the sun-scorched war-land, riven and shattered by shell, strewn with dead and dying, yielding nothing for all the labour of its million warriors but destruction and death. And seeing all this—and suffering in heart and mind for the stricken and the bereaved, for the maimed and the wounded—we pray for Peace and look forward with eager eyes to the day when loved ones will return and the world will once again be at rest. But cruel as war is, shameful as the slaughter has been, wicked and inhuman the means of conflict, we know that there is something worse than war—and that is a peace built on compromise, raised on the shifting sands of a stale-mate settlement. Germany wants peace, not for Humanity's sake, but for the Kaiser's. The German people have been made to believe, and in the main may still believe, in the invincibility of the Hohenzollern, the might of Militarism. If by chicanery or subterfuge, by deliberate lying or by artful scheming for dissension among the Allies, the Kaiser could bring about an end of the war, he would save his Throne and consolidate his rule. A crushed Germany might well mean a Germany in revolution—a Germany snatched from defeat by a patched-up peace would be a Germany still ruled by the jack-boot, still submissive to Potsdam, still believing and worshipping the Kaiser. An undefeated Germany would be a Germany strong for future conquests, determined to realise its dream of world-supremacy. From the day that shameful Peace of Accommodation was signed, Great Britain and her Empire would be under a serfdom as bad as the rule of the Prussian, as crippling and humiliating as slavery under the Kaiser—*the iron hand of its own militarism.* Living under the shadow of the next war—in a peace that was no peace—feverishly working and spending to maintain armies, build ships, fortify our islands, guard our overseas lands, we should become a nation in chains, a people that knew neither the joys of Peace, nor the blessings of Liberty. And the same danger threatens France, Italy—all the nations of Europe. Can't the "International Socialists" see this? Are they *quite* so blind?

Let the Nation Speak!

If it is for such a future that we have seen the finest manhood of the world go forth with a smile to make the great sacrifice, then let us make terms with the Devil and compromise with Hell. But our lads have fought and died for something different. When we meet them at the Great Audit they will want to know something of our stewardship; and those who return from the war will hold us responsible for ensuring the real fruits of victory. There is danger, present tangible danger, that men whose hearts are with Germany and whose minds are warped by the crazy doctrines of a false Pacifism, may exercise such an influence in the days immediately ahead as will jeopardise all for which we have fought and suffered—rob us of everything for which we raised the red banner of war. Only by a strong expression of national determination and an insistent demand that the Government shall declare at once and without reservation the limit and extent of our claims, can we hope to bring the struggle to an end with such a peace as will safeguard our homes and liberties for a century of quiet and rest. Haig has answered the peace-mongers with a blasting reply. The splendidly prepared offensive which is clearing the way through Flanders to the Rhine is the reply of the soldier to the miserable whinings and subterranean schemings of the politician. An end to all this criminal foolery; a truce to this traitor talk! *Aren't we winning—aren't we scotching the submarine*—haven't we got Germany's colonies; isn't her fleet bottled up; isn't her trade throttled; isn't she starving? Then, in God's name, why this Stockholm nonsense? If we *must* go to Stockholm, *let it be via Berlin!*

SHELL-CASES FOR ORNAMENTS.

FLOWER VASES, GONGS, ETC., FOR MUNITIONS MANAGERS.

Some contractors in Yorkshire have, seemingly, something to explain, as well as to pay for. After eighteen months' service in the trenches, a correspondent says he was ordered home to make munitions—work he had previously left to go out and do his bit. One day a consignment of shell-cases, which had been used only once, came into his department. Curious to know what was to be done about them, he was told they were to make ornaments for the managers and foremen. After a while he wrote to the Ministry of Munitions asking to be transferred, as he had a conscientious objection to being a party to the destruction of Government shell-cases. The Ministry of Munitions wrote to his employers inquiring whether his accusations were true. Apparently the firm answered in the negative, for the Ministry subsequently wrote saying they were incorrect. "I swear on my oath they are true," writes the man to us, "for I have seen with my own eyes shell-cases made into gongs (you may be sure not for mere workmen) and other ornaments." Is the answer that the man is blind, or mad? Let there be light.

THE NATIONAL SERVICE FAILURE.

SOME OF THE CAUSES THAT HINDER SPEEDY VICTORY.

The National Service Department is a monument of failure. Our correspondence has overflowed with complaints from men of special experience and first-class technical ability who, having volunteered for service, have been left for weeks and months kicking their heels in enforced idleness at the very crisis of the country's fate. A Scottish reader—a skilled motor engineer, not yet 50 years of age—who duly registered at St. Ermin's Hotel, informs us that since the war began he has made 125 distinct attempts to find work of national importance, but without avail. He has answered advertisements, interviewed officials, besieged the Ministry of Munitions, the Food Controller, and the Board of Agriculture—all to no purpose; while he has actually spent the best part of a £5 note advertising for employment, still without result. We might multiply such cases to an astounding and alarming extent. What is the meaning of it? Are men wanted, or are they not, to fill up the gaps in industrial life and—as Mr. Chamberlain's posters say—"to release fit men for the Army"? If the answer is in the affirmative, as of course it is, it is high time that intelligent steps were taken to organise the available man-power of the nation with a single view to the great aim of victory. The need is universally admitted. When are we going to begin?

THE WRONGS OF LABOUR.

A WORD WITH MESSRS. VICKERS, LIMITED.

The Electric and Ordnance Accessories Company, Limited, Ward End Works, Birmingham, is a branch of Messrs. Vickers, Limited, and most of its employees are housed at a "model village" known as the Sutton Estate, on the outskirts of the Midland city. Upon these facts a story hangs. A workman employed by the Company thought it his duty to join the Army, surrendered his munitions badge, and marched off to the recruiting office. As in most other munition centres, there is a house famine in Birmingham—so, for fear of losing her cottage, the workman's wife, as soon as her husband joined the colours, accepted a position in Messrs. Vickers' employ. However, her health was none of the best, and before long she had to throw up her job, being transferred to the Works Canteen, but she was given to understand that this lighter employment would preserve her right to live upon the estate. Before long, however, the unfortunate woman received a peremptory notice to quit, couched in the most harsh and unfeeling terms. The husband spent his scanty leave, and the wife her slender strength, tramping in search of temporary shelter, but without avail. The Company proceeded to extremities. They actually issued a Summons against the soldier's wife in the Birmingham County Court, demanding possession of the premises—and although no alternative accommodation was available an Ejectment Order was made. Such petty tyrannies are among the primary causes of the prevalent labour unrest.

SHAMELESS PROFITEERING.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES.

The dividend of 300 per cent. paid by the Army and Navy Stores may in some quarters be held to cover a multitude of sins; but among the general public there is a widespread feeling of disgust at the notorious maladministration of the Provident Fund. At the recent Annual Meeting of the shareholders, already noticed in these columns, a prominent part was taken by Lieutenant Fielden, formerly Chief Accountant to the Stores. For 40 years Mr. Fielden had occupied this responsible position, paying into the provident Fund for the period of 20 years. For some mysterious reason, however, Mr. Fielden has never received a penny of the promised pension; and such cases are by no means uncommon. Indeed, at one period in the history of the stores, it seems to have been quite a usual thing for employees nearing the completion of their 20 years of service to be dismissed at a month's notice, when they were entitled only to a return of their contributions. Another gentleman who had served 11 years was dismissed for no better reason, apparently, than that he had ventured to transmit to the Acting Manager a petition from the men in his Department, demanding increased wages on account of war conditions. Since the war began, several managers have been similarly dealt with, and these scandals, coupled with the abuse of the Provident Fund, constitute a severe indictment of the Management.

"MISCHIEF-MONGERS."

A CLERGYMAN ARISES IN WORDY WRATH.

Under the heading of "Mischief-Mongers" we protested against the circulation of a pacifist tract, and in so doing we have incurred the wrath, by no means holy, of the Rev. R. L. Gales, Gedney Vicarage, Holbeach, who has written a letter of "protest" to his local newspaper. We retain our opinion, despite castigatory abuse mingled with irreverence. We say it is against the nation's interest to circulate a card at this juncture bidding us "love our enemies," and crying "Blessed are the Peace-makers." The card was carefully distributed among soldiers; its aim is to strengthen the dangerous views of peace-at-any-price shirkers and traitors. The hosts of heaven are not upon the side of cowardice; to suggest the contrary by circulating carefully picked texts is, we repeat, the work of "Mischief-Mongers."

BLUFFING THE BALD.

HART BRITTAIN'S CHEROKEE INDIAN STUNT.

We notice that Mr. John Hart Brittain, of 2, Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road, London, W., is still badgering the bald with particulars of his wonderful Bear's Fat Hair Elixir, procured "at heavy cost" from the Cherokees. If, after a systematic and costly course of Brittain's patent grease, you are still as bald as when you began, it's a hundred pounds to a hayseed that you have not observed one or other of the thousand and one "directions for use" that go to make up the great Cherokee bluff. You may have failed to "pinch and manipulate the scalp between two fingers," an essential part of the performance, or in your hurry to get to business you may have omitted to take three deep breaths "standing erect in the fresh air"—in which case you might just as well have rubbed the bear's fat into your boots for all the good it is likely to do. Further, it is to be remembered that only positive harm can result from "anxiously watching" the processes of new growth. If, in spite of this frank warning, the patient keeps his eyes glued to the back of his head, he has only himself to thank should disappointment ensue.

OUR "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

£1,000 REWARD.

The Editor of JOHN BULL will pay the above-mentioned sum to any person who can prove that there is any element of fraud, on the part of the Proprietors, in any "Bullets" Competition. This supersedes and is in place of all previous offers, and will hold good so long as the competition lasts.

REVOLUTION IN BRITAIN

Our Changing People.

A remarkable change is taking place in thousands of minds at the present time which is working in its way what can only be described as a "silent revolution" in this country. The character of this change is shown in letters from thousands of soldiers and sailors of all ranks and ratings, from Generals to Privates and from Admirals to Able-Seamen. It is shown also in letters from Professional and Business men, Barristers, Doctors, Journalists, Directors, Shopkeepers, Managers, Munition Workers, Clerks and Artizans. Indeed, this change—this beneficent revolution—is practically universal in its extent.

Industrial Production.

Everyone knows the enormous increase in the productive power of the nation that has taken place as the result of the present war. New and improved methods have been introduced in every branch of business and industry. Old restrictions have been swept away. Processes of manufacture have been speeded up. New machinery has been introduced. Methods of "scientific management" have been adopted. And as a result the production power of the country has been at least doubled. Many people think the increase has been even greater. In any case it is stupendous.

Mental Transformation.

But side by side with this industrial revolution there has been taking place this other mental revolution of which we are speaking. This too is increasing the production power of the nation. But more, it is increasing the productive power of the individual. It is increasing his or her efficiency. It is increasing his or her mental powers. It is increasing his or her income earning capabilities. It is making people more capable in every way. It is securing for them swift promotion to higher positions. So these letters say.

An Army 200,000 Strong.

For instance, one man writes to say that this new method—which has been adopted by no fewer than 200,000 men and women—including 6,000 officers and men in the army and navy—has trebled his income. Others write that it has doubled their incomes. Others say that it has made them better business men and women. All write of it in the most enthusiastic terms and speak of the immense value it has been to them.

Securing Higher Positions.

Some, for example say that they formerly were troubled with Forgetfulness, Weak Will-Power, Brain-Fag, Tactlessness, Want of Initiative, Want of Confidence, Nervousness, Mind Wandering and so on, but now their faults have been completely eradicated after practising the new method for a few weeks. Others say that it has developed their powers of Concentration, Perception, Decision, Initiative, Self-Confidence, Grit, Organisation, Salesmanship, Leadership to an almost unbelievable extent. Others write to say that it has given them an entirely reliable and never-forgetting memory for facts, figures, faces, appointments, quotations, statistics and data of every kind. And all speak of the way it has increased their personal efficiency and enabled them to rise to a higher position in the world.

Evidence of "Truth."

This remarkable revolution which is taking place in so many thousands of minds has attracted the attention of the well-known journal *Truth*, which last year published two long and detailed reports on the subject. Since then, the number of men and women developing their efficiency by this method has greatly increased and more striking developments have been recorded. In consequence of this *Truth* has just published another long, detailed report giving a full description of the method followed by these men and women, and printing many of their letters. This report has now been reprinted and a copy will be sent gratis and post free to any reader of JOHN BULL who writes for it to-day.

Doubled and Trebled Incomes.

The method described in this article is a system of scientific mind and memory training directed through the post by the expert instructors of the famous Pelman Institute. This system is simple and interesting to follow. It involves no hard study. It can be followed anywhere in your spare time. And just as scientific physical exercise trains and develops the powers of the muscles, so this scientific system trains and develops the powers of the mind. It brings out all the best qualities of the mind and banishes the weak ones. It increases your efficiency and doubles and trebles your income-earning powers.

Amazing Results.

As a result of the improvement brought about by practising this system you cease to make mistakes. You save waste of time. You do better work with less effort. You become more capable in every way. You become a better organizer and a leader of others. Positions formerly beyond your powers become open to you. Opportunities come to you and you make the most of them. You are marked out for promotion at the first opportunity. You rise to a higher position. Instead of being a follower you become a leader. You initiate things and you carry them through.

Ideas That Win Through.

Others rely on your judgment and follow it and depend upon it. Your horizon widens. Ideas of infinite practical value are created in your mind and you utilize them. Your brain becomes the efficient instrument of your will. It works not by fits and starts, but evenly, efficiently, and continuously. And as you rise to a higher position so does your income increase. You double it; perhaps treble it. And it goes on developing steadily and progressively because your increased earning-power is due, not to chance or luck, but to a genuine increase in your mental powers and all-round capability.

Full Information Free.

We have no space here to describe further the advantages to be secured by taking a course of Pelman Training or the amazing evidence disclosed by *Truth* in its latest report.

But every one who wishes to—Develop increased powers of Concentration and Observation—Banish Forgetfulness and acquire a perfect memory for Figures, Faces, and Facts—Develop Initiative, Driving Power, Leadership, and Salesmanship—Become an efficient organizer and manager—Learn Foreign Languages in one-third the usual time—Originate valuable ideas—Become an able speaker and debater—Do better work in half the usual time—Gain rapid promotion—Secure a bigger income should send a post-card to the Secretary, the Pelman Institute, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Write To-Day.

By return you will receive, gratis and post free, a copy of the special *Truth Report*, together with full particulars of the Pelman System, showing how you can now enrol for the complete course at one-third less than the usual fees. [ADVT.

COMPANY MEETING.

LIPTON, LTD.

The Firm that Grows the Tea.

INTERESTING SPEECHES BY SIR T. J. LIPTON, Bart., and MR. H. L. PETERS.

The annual general meeting was held at Salisbury House, London, E.C., on Monday, the 11th inst., Sir T. J. Lipton, Bart., presiding.

The Chairman said: Ladies and gentlemen, I am heartily glad to be able to meet you once more and thankful that my health enables me to preside at our annual meeting to-day, and personally submit our report which, I am convinced, will meet, not only with your approval, but also with your satisfaction, having regard to the fact that the profits we now put before you constitute a record.

It is my intention to address to you a few remarks on the year's work, but, before doing so, I will ask my colleague, Mr. Williamson Milne, our deputy chairman, to deal with the items of the balance sheet and profit and loss account, and explain any variations that have taken place.

Mr. Williamson Milne stated: The chairman has been good enough to delegate to me the duty of dealing with the accounts and balance sheet. I ask you first to turn to the profit and loss account. Taking the credit side first, we show a gross profit from all sources of £442,775, of which £441,184 represents the profit on trading—this figure is the highest recorded in the history of the Company, despite the fact that we have had to overcome unprecedented difficulties in trading owing to war conditions during the year we have just finished.

Taking the first item on the debit side, expenses of management, and other items as shown, £130,330. This is more than last year by £24,126—an increase fully covered by additional advertising and charges for income tax.

The charges on the expenses side of the profit and loss account amount in the aggregate to £184,245—being an increase of about £13,500 on last year, and leaving a profit of £258,530 to be carried to the balance sheet; in other words, we have more than doubled our profit of last year at a cost of an increase of less than one-twelfth on last year's expenses.

The Chairman continued: You have now had the figures of the accounts gone over in detail by our deputy chairman, and I should like to call your attention to the fact that the increased earnings which we have the pleasure to submit to you to-day have resulted from the larger turnover which has followed our policy of selling at low prices—and when the narrow margin of profit at which we sell our goods is borne in mind, it will convey some idea of how largely the business has been increased, and at once dispel any suggestion of profiteering, so far as Lipton, Limited, is concerned.

I should like to say that we, as directors, and you, as shareholders, are to be congratulated in having been fortunate enough to secure the services of our able managing directors, Mr. H. L. Peters and Mr. J. Frank Gregory, both of whom, in their respective spheres, have proved so successful, Mr. Peters, in improving our organisation at headquarters, factories, and depots, including the financial side, and buying arrangements, and Mr. Gregory, in dealing with our retail branches, tea rooms, wholesale and contract departments. I may remark that we have received numerous expressions of satisfaction at the improvements effected in all departments. I am sure we all very highly appreciate the work they have accomplished, and which is so happily visible in our improved balance sheet.

I think it is only right to say also that the efforts of our managing directors have been most ably and wholeheartedly supported by the heads of all departments, the branch inspectors, managers and assistants, and staff generally.

I am sure you will be interested to know that the number of employees now serving in His Majesty's Forces, ashore and afloat, has reached the total of 2,000, of whom, I much regret to say, no fewer than 100 have laid down their lives for their King and country. It will also be of interest to you, I know, to learn that the lady assistants whom we engaged to take the place of the men now on service have proved most satisfactory.

The improved state of affairs is due largely to the excellent quality of our goods, which have been the best obtainable. In our advertisements we state:—

"LIPTON'S take a personal pride in the excellence of everything they supply for the table. QUALITY FIRST is the principle on which the business is conducted. Judge for yourself how well that ideal is maintained in all you buy from Lipton's."

It will interest you to know that we have in Glasgow large factories for the manufacture of biscuits, cake, preserved meats and sausages. In London we have extensive factories devoted to the manufacture of cornflour and self-raising flour, jams, jellies, potted meats, sausages, pickles and sauces. We have also large factories for the manufacture of cocoa, chocolate and confectionery and coffee essence, and other factories for the manufacture of some of the smaller components of our business. We also have our own printing works and tin box factory.

I will now deal with figures of divisible profit, namely, £270,655, and, as our report informs you, we recommend:—

1. That there be placed to reserve account £75,000. This is a larger sum than has before been recommended, but I feel sure everyone here will endorse the sound policy of strengthening our reserves, especially in times such as these.

2. That there be placed to war contingencies reserve £25,000. Difficulties arising from the war conditions have to be faced, and the provision of this sum of £25,000 for eventualities which we cannot at present foresee is a wise and prudent course.

3. We also recommend that £10,000 shall be set aside to form the nucleus of an employees' pension fund, and we commend this to your favourable consideration.

4. I next come to the recommendation that a dividend be paid on the ordinary shares at the rate of 7½ per cent. for the year, which will amount to £93,750; we say in our report that under normal conditions the profits would have permitted of a larger dividend, but counsels of prudence at times such as we are now passing through must prevail. There remains a balance to carry forward to next account of £66,905.

Sir Thomas then moved the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. Peters said: I have much pleasure in seconding the resolution that has just been moved by our worthy chairman, who has dealt so fully with the circumstances of our business that there is little left for me to refer to. There is, however, one important matter, and that is that the good results submitted to you to-day are largely due to the sound advice and great assistance that my colleague, Mr Gregory, and myself have received from Sir Thomas Lipton, who has given us the benefit of his daily attendance at our offices, and who always welcomes consultation upon many important matters that are constantly arising in connection with a business of the magnitude of Lipton, Ltd. Further than this, the Board have not only supported us in a wholehearted manner, but have given us every encouragement in our efforts to improve the business.

We have had to face difficulties—shortage of labour, scarcity of freight, transport delays, and increased costs in a marked degree, and in every direction. I need not weary you with a recapitulation of these troubles—they have been experienced by all—but in spite of these drawbacks I am pleased to be able to say the business is in good working order, although the large increase in our trade has, here and there, taxed our resources. One of our main considerations has been the maintenance of our stock at a high level—an absolute necessity in these abnormal times, when handling an increasing trade.

Our chairman has referred to the support we have received from our staff, and I should like not only to endorse but also to emphasise his remarks. One and all worked splendidly.

It will be a matter of interest to you to learn that we have on our roll no fewer than 272 who have been with us over twenty years—of these 82 have been twenty-five years, and 15 have been thirty years in the business. Few companies can put forward records of that kind, and I would specially invite your kind support to our proposition to set aside a sum to form the nucleus of a pension fund for deserving workpeople, who, like those I have mentioned, have given us long years of loyal service. You do not need me to remind you of how greatly your generosity will be appreciated. It is intended that representatives of the staff shall participate in its management and administration.

With reference to the dividend recommendation, you will doubtless remember that last year, although we had earned profits sufficient to make a distribution on the ordinary shares, the directors stated that they were precluded from doing so by the necessity of retaining the profits in the business to furnish working capital. The reason for this course was then the anticipated rise in the price of commodities, which has been realised in practically all the goods in which the company deals. In the light therefore of our subsequent experience, I think I may say our action was entirely justified, and I may add that had that course not been taken the business would undoubtedly have been hampered, and we should not have been able to present to you to-day such a favourable balance-sheet as that now in your hands.

In asking you to agree to our recommendations to-day I will add that the situation existing twelve months ago which induced us to take a prudent course—the advantages of which you are now realising—still exists to-day, and requires us to maintain that policy of prudence, keeping in view the prevailing war conditions, which entirely preclude any dependable forecast and render caution absolutely essential.

I have, I fear, kept you too long. I will only add one more observation, and that is that the business is to-day showing remarkable vitality, which, provided nothing unforeseen occurs to impede its progress, bodes well for the future.

DIVIDEND RESOLUTION.

The Chairman moved the following resolution, which was carried: That a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. be paid upon the ordinary share capital for the year ending 10th March, 1917, and that the balance of £66,905 be carried forward.

A hearty vote of thanks to the chairman terminated the proceedings.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

Wot, you 'ere again? Now, 'ow many times 'ave I told jer I wouldn't shave yer, cut chu, or 'ave anythink to do with yer? Yet 'ere you are blowin' in again, like dirt on a windy day. Bung orf. I 'ad the place Spring-cleaned larst week. I don't want to 'ave to do it orl over again. . . . Oh, you *demand* a shave, do yer? Well, I move an amendment to thet. You're fond of amendments, ain't cher? Proposed one the other night in the 'Ouse, didn' cher? Tried to stop the machinery of government fur the sake of lettin' orf a lot of gas about "no annexation an' no indemnities" w'en peace comes to be discussed. A dirty trick, I called it. But chew got wot chew arsked for—a proper trouncin'. Wot's the matter with yer? *Thet's* wot I wanter know. W'y are you orlways tryin' to do the dirty on yore own country? If you ain't got no decent patriotism in yer carcass you might remember you're drawin' four 'undred a yer from the ole British firm, wot chew tries to make out is a shady concern plottin' to rob pore Germany at the end of the wore. I think you'd better 'op it, in case I starts torkin'. I ain't got so much patience as I use to 'ave, I don't mind tellin' yer. You a socialist? G'r-r-r! This wore's made orl of us socialists, more or less, an' me amongst 'em. But I'd sooner be dead than mix with yore mob. You ain't no socialist. You're a nuisance. You're sufferin' from fatty degeneration of the 'ead, an' oughter 'ave a operation. . . . Oh, I knows abuse ain't criticism, but you're beyond criticism. A bloke wot thinks we oughter 'and Germany's colonies back to 'er arfter the wore, an' let 'er give the natives 'ell's delight again like wot she use ter, ain't no man. 'E's a bloomin' monstrosity, an' oughter be in spirits o' wine. It's orl very well fur you to git up on yore 'ind legs in the 'Ouse an' yap about "no annexation an' no indemnities," but w'en it comes to pertickler points wot chew carn't arnswer, you sits an' sneers, but are careful to keep yore 'ead shut. W'en Lord Robert Cecil arsked shew wot about Alsace-Lorraine you wos snookered. W'en 'e sed "Wot price Poland?" you wos stumped. W'en 'e arsked if Germany didn't oughter be made to pay fur sinkin' peaceful merchantmen on the 'igh seas, you wos counted out. You couldn't come up fur no more rounds. You're like most o' yore breed. You can tork big in a general sorter way, but w'en it comes to pertickler points wot carn't be gassed, you're *na poo*. One thing, the next General Election 'll see the larst of *you*, an' some more like you—Ramsay, Mason, Trevelyan, an' that mob. Think Tommy out in the trenches ain't watchin'? If I wos you I'd start to learn a trade. You'll miss that eight quid a week w'en yore constituents give you the go by. . . . Wot, you ain't goin', shorely! So soon? 'Ard luck! There wos one or two things I wanted to say to you, as you wos 'ere. But some other time, p'r'aps. . . . Missus, see 'im wot jest went out? Well, if 'e 'ad 'is way you wouldn't 'ave no 'usban'. . . . .

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"EVENING EXPRESS" (Cardiff):—
"Whether the City-hall clock shall commence to chime the hours again sooner or not will probably be SETTLED BY THE LORD as the matter was mentioned by the Lord Mayor (Mr. J. Stanfield) at the city council to-day."

"CALGARY HERALD" (advertisement):—
"Wanted—Housekeeper, for BACHELOR WITH THREE CHILDREN, on ranch . . . TO BE TREATED AS WIFE AND MOTHER."

"WATERFORD EVENING NEWS" (Sporting Programme):—
"2.50—Kildare Hunt H'cap of 200 MILES."

"THE OBSERVER" (advertisement):—
"Hotel ——, South Kensington . . Not too large to give the best of service, and NOT TOO SMALL TO BE UNCOMFORTABLE."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—
"Though the King's birthday was OFFICIALLY CELEBRATED yesterday, there were NO OFFICIAL CELEBRATIONS."

ROYAL PALACE THEATRE, RAMSGATE. (programme advertisement):—
"Oat Kernels, 8½d. per pkt. 2 PACKETS GO AS FAR AS 3."

"DAILY MAIL":—
"She (the Marchioness of Londonderry) made an imposing figure STANDING IN A BIG BLACK HAT with nodding plumes."

MR. H. FITZPATRICK, BURNLEY (cycle accessory catalogue):—
"Valve Rubber, BEST quality, 8d. per yard. BETTER quality, 4d. per yard."

GREAT SUCCESS OF NEW INVENTION FOR VARICOSE VEINS.

Wonderful New "Spirastic" Supports.

Old-fashioned Dangerous Elastic Stockings entirely Superseded.

Mr. D. M. Cooper, a well-known Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances, has made a marvellous discovery, which entirely revolutionises the treatment of Varicose Veins.

For the first time it is now possible for the sufferer from this most painful and dangerous ailment to go about in perfect comfort, and at the same time to so strengthen the parts that a complete and permanent cure is ultimately assured.

As Mr. Cooper, the inventor, says, "Every sufferer from Varicose Veins knows only too well the clumsy and painful nature of the ordinary elastic stocking, but few realise that there is a grave danger in wearing these appliances.

"Ordinary elastic stockings are made with harsh, coarse ribs at the back and sides, and these, constantly pressing upon the distended blood vessels, may at any moment set up Inflammation and Ulceration and thus cause the Varicose Veins to burst.

"Now, however, by my wonderful new 'Spirastic' method, the hard, dangerous seams of the old-fashioned elastic stockings are entirely abolished, and perfect comfort and support are given to the limbs."

The new Mecca "Spirastic" Supports are made in the finest thread or silk, and are spirally woven in one piece without seams or joins. Fitting with the softness of a kid glove, they neither press, pinch, nor cut the limb, nor do they wrinkle or lose their elasticity, although specially woven to the individual measurements of each customer, they cost no more than the ordinary hard-ribbed stocking, will last at least three times as long, and, moreover, **are sent on approval.**

Colonel Marshall, 6, Chester Place, Hyde Park Square, W., courteously writes as follows: "I have worn your 'Spirastic' supports for the last three months, and find them a distinct improvement on the old Elastic Stockings which I had worn for many years. Being seamless is a great advantage. They give a more uniform support to the veins, are more comfortable, and do not slip down. I prefer them in every way to the old style."

If, therefore, you suffer from Varicose Veins, Loss of Power in the Legs, Weak Knees, Swollen Ankles, Pain when Walking or Standing, write at once (a postcard will do) to D. M. Cooper, Ltd., Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances (Dept. 217), Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. 1., for free Illustrated Booklet fully describing this wonderful invention.

Immediately you receive it you will realise why the Mecca "Spirastic" Supports give greater comfort and freedom from pain, and eventually effect a complete and permanent cure.

Mr. Cooper can be seen personally every day (except Saturday), from 11 to 1 and from 2 to 3.

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Send *your* address on a postcard NOW, and get your copy of H. SAMUEL'S big

FREE BOOK OF 3,000 BARGAINS

In Jewellery, Watches, Plate, &c. Amazing value and FREE PRIZES for all buyers.

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LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH.
Fine jewelled movement, fully warranted. Handsome Nickel Silver Case. 17/6

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IT'S A DANDY.

82, Jamieson Street,
Govan Hill, GLASGOW,
17th March, 1917.

Dear Sirs,—
Your "DE LUXE" Fountain Pen to hand and is working fine. It is a "dandy little knock-out," and for the small outlay wonderful value.

Yours very faithfully,
Pte. WM. CALDWELL,
Manchester Regt.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 18 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
(June 16, 1917.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd. and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1916.*

Bullying the Bird-men.

Will the Commanding Officer of the R.F.C., at Coventry, study King's Regulations and decide whether the language used to the men by one of his Warrant Officers can be defended? We are up against bullying, and shall keep an eye upon this unit.

Hush-a-bye, Tommy!

The hour of 8 p.m. by the clock is now but 7 according to the sun, but at this time—despite the sunshine—our sick and wounded soldiers are ordered to be in their wards. "Early to bed and early to rise" is well enough; but we do not like to see heroes treated like babies.

The Fort Pitt Rat Pit.

When the Superintending Officer visits Fort Pitt Hospital at Chatham, he would do well to insist upon being conducted to that part of the institution which is commonly called the "rat pit," and to spend a minute or two in B Ward casemates. In addition, he might inquire whether the boys are given lard to eat, instead of butter or margarine.

For the Catterick Men.

You are compelled to kow-tow to the gallant German prisoners—officers and men alike; if you do not bend the knee to them and give them salutes you are punished. Remembering the treatment of your brothers in arms who are prisoners in Germany, and who are kicked and hounded into their graves by the scoundrels in whose charge they are, you naturally grit your teeth. But although you have over you a superior officer who bears a name that is not British, he is a very gallant British soldier, who has been shot through and lost a limb in the defence of our ideals. He is also an English gentleman, and has your welfare at heart. Trust him, and he will pull you through.

"Starvation Sheppey."

Tales of hunger and hardship are reaching us from the Isle of Sheppey, an area regarding which we have already received complaints. Whoever is in supreme command should make an inspection of the men's quarters, bringing the Sanitary Officer with him. It would not be amiss if he also inquired into the scale of food allowance. The unfortunates stationed there give the place the name of "Starving Sheppey"—and no wonder!

The Lost Sheep.

A draft of R.G.A. men left England for India in September last. On arrival in Bombay, they were sent to Rawal Pindi—where, however, nobody would accept them. After a month they were sent to Ferozepore. Up to the present their pay-sheets and particulars have not arrived. It is evident that, so far as the War Office is concerned, this unit is lost, as the authorities have actually written to the homes of the men, asking their wives where they are serving! Who can be in charge of the R.G.A. records?

Robbing the Soldier.

It frequently happens that when Tommy's linen is at the wash he is transferred to another station and is thus compelled to leave the articles behind him, with a promise from the C.Q.M.S. that they will be forwarded. We find that in numerous cases the C.Q.M.S. or somebody else hangs on to the property, with the result that the unfortunate soldier has to make up the deficiency out of his own pocket. Some Officers in charge of Companies might give up a little of the time they now spend in learning the "Officers' stoop" in order to give attention to the matter.

The Staff of Life.

Members of the Royal Fleet Reserve serving on mine-sweepers have approached us with a complaint concerning the present miserable system of victualling. They are supposed to provide themselves with the necessaries of life out of a sum of £2 a month, which is not nearly sufficient. The scale of food is such that, if any man on board a minesweeper suggested that his mates should eat less bread, he would find himself overboard, swimming for his life.

A Howl from Haslar.

At the Naval Camp at Haslar there are some merchant seamen who are now serving the Government. It was bad enough for them to have to live under canvas throughout the late bitter winter, but their woes have been increased by insults hurled at them by certain seniors of the pukka Naval Service. A certain official who is supposed to hand the men their station cards is too superior to do it in a gentlemanly way, and simply throws them on the ground before the men concerned. Perhaps the officer concerned will give this matter attention.

Our Pensions Inquiry Department.

By Our Pensions Expert.

B. B. (Warley).—For the loss of your thumb you are entitled to a weekly pension of 11s. 1d.

"JOHNNY CANUCK" (Bodmin).—A claim for pension must be made within two years of the date of the appearance of the disability.

"WIDOW" (Blackheath).—The pension granted to the widow of a first-class warrant officer is 21s. 3d. a week. A weekly allowance of 5s. will be made to the child.

T. J. (Liverpool).—When you reach the age of 45 you will be entitled to a further 1s. 3d. a week. In the meantime, the amount is according to the regulation scale.

"GROWING WORSE" (Kildare).—Your temporary grant will be reviewed periodically until a permanent assessment is made.

MRS. J. G. E. (Hackney).—The allowances to orphans are—5s. for the first child, 4s. 2d. for the second, 3s. 4d. for the third, and 2s. 6d. for each remaining child.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

Tired of the Fight.

The unfortunate widow of a soldier, ill and living on a small pension, was inclined to "end it all." Hers was a sad case, so we took the necessary steps to help her.

A Pack of Troubles.

A mother gave her two sons to the Army, and both were killed. Unfortunately, as the mother was not in receipt of separation allowance on behalf of the boys, receiving only their allotments, she is not entitled to a pension. The poor woman's husband had also died, and she was in a sad condition until her case was placed before us.

Kept from the "House."

An Irishman who is an ex-soldier was discharged from the service with a pension of 5s. 3d. a week. Owing to disability, he has for a considerable time found it impossible to obtain employment, and was thinking of entering the workhouse until he remembered JOHN BULL.

Made Their Condition Easier.

Another case of distress concerned a soldier's father, who has been an invalid for over 50 weeks, the mother also being ill. Their sole support is a daughter, who earns 7s. 6d. a week. We visited the sufferers and made things easy for them.

From a Wounded Man.

"Thanks. I am lying here wounded, and thank you for sending the amount of fare for my wife to come to visit me. I heartily thank you and the subscribers to your Fund." We are sure those who contributed will be glad to know that their money has been so well bestowed.

A Sad House.

The mother of three soldiers, on behalf of one of whom she obtains 9s. 6d. a week, found herself in distress owing to her own illness and the fact that her husband is attending hospital and consequently cannot work. Before coming to us she had pledged everything that the pawnbroker would accept—so we acted promptly.

The Reaper was Busy.

A few weeks ago a woman received notification of her husband's death; he had fallen while fighting for his country. A short time previously she had buried a child, which made the third death in her little family within seven months. Of course, when these sad events occurred, the unfortunate woman's allowance was cut down accordingly. When she received the notification of her husband's death she was in indifferent health, and in financial distress, which we relieved.

"Little Dorrit."

"Little Dorrit," whose case we published, desires us to express her grateful thanks to the friends of our Fund who sent money for her benefit. She is now able to look after her little orphan brothers and sisters adequately, whilst her father in the trenches is easy in his mind.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

D. McA. (Edinburgh), 2s. 6d.; Amazon Telegraph Company's Counter, Manaos, £6 2s. 6d.; E. R. (Edinburgh), 2s. 6d.; L. M. (Dundee), 2s. 6d.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; F. W. (Leeds), 2s.; "A Sailor's Wife," 2s.; S. H. (Doncaster), 2s. 6d.; "Penny Crib," 4s.; C. K. (Newbury), £20; N. W. E. O. (West Kirby), 5s.; "A Nurse" (Croydon), 5s.; W. R., 2s. 1d.; K. M. (Stornoway), 1s.; E. P. (Gillingham), 2s.; F. E. M. (Swindon), 1s.; "Irish Nell," 3s.; Mrs. M. B. (U.S.A.), $2; "Sheffield R.E." 1s.; A. R. M. (Dublin), 1s.; "It," 8d.; "A Soldier's Wife in Tooting," 1s.; A. C. (S. Norwood), 1s.; W. T. (Detroit), 5s.; A. E. S., 4d.; Sgt. W. F. (B. E. F.), 3s.; "In Memory of My Beloved Husband Tom," 10s.; A. B. (Chipping Norton), 1s. 6d.; J. S. (Cardiff), R. R. (Carlisle), 1s.; W. C. F., 1s. 1d.; Mrs. C. A. L. (Kensington), £1; E. L., 1s. 6d.; T. R. (Manchester), 5s.; B. S. A., 2s.; K. B., 6d.; "Myasaki," 10s.; W. H. C. (Ealing Common), 1s.; "One of the R.W.F.," 3s. A. L. (Dunston), 1s. 6d.; "Kat's Eye," 1s. and parcel; R. C. (Faversham), 3s.; "Minesweeper 2884," 1s.; "Spud Murphy," £4; "A Convivial Evening," 10s. 6d.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros. Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch, £1 1s.; E. H. (Saltley), 6s.; "24185's Girl," 2s.; Robinswood Hill Institute (per G. W.), £3; W. J. M., 3d.; M. A. (Potters Bar), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. B. (Netherfield), 1s.; H.M.T. *Othello* (per A. F. B.), 12s.; H. W. J. (Ockbrook), 2s. 6d.; "Bullet" £50 Winner, 10s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; C. C. (Shipley), 2s.; "Soldier's Wife" (Bridgnorth), 1s.; F. R. (Aylesbury), 3s.; M. D., 5s.; Cpl. G. S. L., 2s.; W. H. (Brixton Hill), 10s.; Mrs. D. (Hampton Hill), £5; "Taxi Driver," 10s.; A. W. L. M., 2s. 6d.; H. W., 10s.; "In Memory of Little Charlie," 1s.; J. H., 1s.; "Ha'penny Change," 1s. 3d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; S. M. C. Co. (Shipley), 1s. 3d.; S. Ealing Reader, 6d.

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For nearly half a century Mother Seigel's Syrup has been the reliable family medicine in hundreds of thousands of homes throughout the World for the prevention and relief of stomach and liver troubles, and as a ready means of recovering and maintaining good health. Mother Seigel's Syrup has a gentle tonic action upon the digestive organs — the stomach, liver, and bowels—toning and strengthening them so that they are able to do their work effectively and obtain from the food you eat all the nourishment requisite to keep you strong and vigorous.

By making and keeping the blood pure, Mother Seigel's Syrup brings the glow of radiant health to the pale cheeks of anæmic girls, gives strength to growing boys, and revitalises the digestive organs of the elders and makes them feel fit and strong. Keep Mother Seigel's Syrup in your home. It is an ideal family medicine.

MOTHER
SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The **2/9** *Bottle contains three times the* **1/3** *size.*

Something Distinctive

in the way of soaps is Gibbs's Cold Cream Soap, famous for its softening and beautifying effect on the complexion.
By virtue of the Cold Cream combined with the purity of all the materials used in the manufacture of this soap, it is not only a cleansing agent, but a skin food.

Of all Chemists.
5d. per Tablet.

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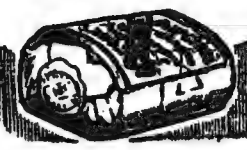
D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd. (Dept. B13), Cold Cream Soap Works, LONDON, E.1. Estd. 1769.



Generous Trial Samples *of Shaving Soap, Dentifrice and Cold Cream Soap sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps.*

"TIZ" keeps me from Feeling Tired.

TIZ for puffed-up, aching, tender feet, for corns or chilblains. TIZ is glorious!

"Stairs? Oh, yes! But I use TIZ."

When your poor, suffering feet ache from the continual running up and down the stairs, when the leather begins to draw and there is constant friction producing hard skin, corns, and bunions—don't experiment—just use TIZ. Get instant relief. TIZ puts peace in tired, aching, painful feet. Ah! how comfortable your boots feel at once. Run up and down all day long, feet won't hurt you, won't swell after using TIZ.

Sore, tender, perspiring feet need TIZ, because it's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet and cause foot torture. TIZ is the only remedy that takes pain and soreness right out of corns, hard skin, and bunions.

Get a 1s. 1½d. box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores. Get a whole year's foot comfort for only 1s. 1½d. And send a box to your boy at the Front—*he'll* appreciate it, sure enough.

SOOTHING AS AN OLD-TIME MELODY

Spinet
THE SUPER CIGARETTE

Fine Old Virginia. Cork-Tipped. Ovals.

1/3 for 20
3/1½ for 50

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes 36 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 22 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 7 for 1d. Best tobacco, 4 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 20 per cent. tobacco, as there is No waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 4 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.

Best Gift for the TROOPS
Nickel, 1/-; Silver-Plated, 1/6; Silver, 5/-. Paper Tubes: 1,000, 1/6; 250, 10d., post free. New supply in, no waiting

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Write for Catalogue of heavily priced Staffordshire Tableware, Ladies' and Children's Wear, Gentlemen's Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Sewing Machines, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Lamps, Games. Patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Machintoshes, Robes, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

EASY TERMS

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 18.

COMPANY MEETING.

CHANNEL TUNNEL.
MARKED CHANGE IN PUBLIC ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE SCHEME.

The ordinary general meeting of the Channel Tunnel Company, Ltd., was held on Friday, the 8th inst., at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Baron Emile B. d'Erlanger presiding.

The chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said the Board had, since the war began, strictly adhered to the policy that they should remain expectant and quiescent and not endeavour to make capital out of the lesson which had been taught the nation by the war in order to promote the interests of the Channel Tunnel and to advocate its cause. He firmly believed that this patriotic attitude had borne fruit, and that public opinion had itself done in a far better and stronger way what the Board might have attempted to do. Never in the last thirty years of the career of this company had public opinion shown a more decided turn in favour of the construction of the tunnel than in the last twelve months. The question had been taken up very seriously in Parliament, and a committee had been formed under Mr. Fell to advocate the construction of the Channel Tunnel, and he believed it was the most numerous and the strongest committee, composed as it was of members of every party, that had ever been formed in the House of Commons.

"Pylitna"

Haemorrhoids (Piles) are caused by the disordered functions of the system which cannot be corrected by external remedies. "Pylitna" Powders taken in a little warm milk or water are a genuine effective cure.

A Chemist says:—"It is the best remedy I have met with in all my 50 years' experience with doctors."

Of all Chemists and Stores at 3/- per box, or from "Pylitna," 3, Farringdon Road, London, E.C. 1.

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There's nothing else quite so good.
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KEATING'S POWDER
KILLS BODY VERMIN FLEAS MOTH
TINS, 3d., 6d., 1/-

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT
BAD LEG
AND PILLS are a certain cure for Bad Legs, Poisoned Wounds, Ulcers, Carbuncles, and will save lancing or cutting.
1/3 and 3/- per box, of Boots' Stores and Chemists.
Send two stamps for Sample.
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Every Advertisement in
"JOHN BULL"
is guaranteed to be reliable.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.* LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"AN AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER" (France).—Yes, there is a mischievous tendency to say the Hun people are lambs, only their leaders being a little wolfish.

"A READER FOR MANY YEARS."—Your proposal to put the Labour agitators into khaki is quite a good one. That's why we suggested it two years ago.

"A LOVER OF BOTH COUNTRIES" (Enfield Lock).—Thanks for your notes on the Irish question. Wait till you hear *our* scheme.

E. A. D. S. (Richmond).—We believe the idea of sending Hun prisoners to sea as hostages on British ships has been strongly objected to by influential friends of the Kaiser, hence the delay in carrying it into effect.

B. K. (Newark).—So you think the Government are like "a lot of old women in red stockings." But that's nothing to their glaring bloomers.

W. K. (Aplon).—You "admire our comments," but as you deplore reprisals, and pity the Huns and Objects, your admiration we would rather be without.

"AN H. MAN" (Norwich).—If you, a capable farm labourer, cannot get work, it does not look as though farmers need employ soldiers and policemen.

MAJOR B. W. (Piccadilly, W.).—Cannot agree that the gentlemen you name "made asses of themselves." In our opinion it was the work of Nature.

C. V. C. (Southend-on-Sea).—Evidently there has been very little "combing out" at the headquarters of the Salvation Army. No flies on Bramwell!

A. W. (Minories).—You ask "What sort of Government have we at the present day?" A Government of sorts.

H. H. M. (Stockport).—No, the Barber's Chair has not "gone to the front with the Man in the Train in it." It is our barber's mission now to inflict rather than to experience "narrow shaves."

G. S. (Bolton).—Your story of the allotment-holder who planted chunks of swede turnips in hopes of raising a crop is enough to make an artichoke.

A. H. M. (Deal).—"Imagine a man never out of England jumping from private to major." Certainly, a juice of a jump; somebody must have pushed him.

MRS. J. (Gillingham).—Sorry you think we have been "disobedient and wilful." Your rebuke is sweet and chaste.

"ANTI-HUN" (Norwich).—Seven big pages of pencil-writing, and "will we please publish them in our valuable paper?" Paper is too valuable just now.

"SCOTCH WIDOW."—Our point is that if the picture postcards are unfit to be exposed in the shop windows on Sundays, they are equally unfit for view during the rest of the week. For the Bumbles of Llanfairfechan (blessed word!) to insist on the blinds being drawn on Sundays is simply slapping a hypocritical coat of whitewash on the parabiaic sepulchre.

E. F.—So you have had what you call a "vishion" of "a beautiful lady hand." You should have stroked it. As to the mysterious voices you hear, you've probably got bats in your belfry.

H. H. (Portsmouth).—"Do the Government think us married men are going to sit still and let the single men keep in their snug corners?" No, they think you are going to get up and walk round to the recruiting office.

J. H. E. (Tottenham).—"It is easier to handle a big insurance cheque than a shipload of food." Which thing is a parable.

PTE. A. I. (B.E.F.).—"A smartly-dressed lady approached two Australians and one English soldier, explained she only treated Australians, and invited the two to tea." Yes, it sounds rude. But perhaps, after all, the English lad was lucky when left out.

W. G. H. (Kinross).—We are "fed up" with conundrums about shooting engine-drivers from the windows of guards' vans. It's a dirty trick anyway.

L. G. (Italy).—As far as we know, no one would object to the drowning of the Huns, except perhaps the Deep Sea Fisheries' Board.

E. C. (Huntingdon).—Glad to hear your Vicar isn't cornering margarine. Convey to him our apostolic blessing.

F. G. D. (Ewell), R. T. C. (Dundee) and MANY OTHERS.—The Pigeon and the Pole that did not Pity the Poor Editor! Ewell says the pigeon flew 4 miles 1,600 yards. Dundee makes it 5 miles. A third scholar, by diagram, proves 5 miles 243 yards, whilst others make it over 5,000 miles! We must either go up the Pole to measure it, or ask the Pigeon.

M. W. T. (c.o. G.P.O.).—The phenomenon of moving staircases had been observed by gentlemen returning home late from their club long before those conveniences came into use at railway stations.

"A CONSTANT READER."—"Large cargoes of bacon are arriving. Can we be sure the pigs have not been fed by Germany's Corpse Factory?" Mary, take away the breakfast.

MRS. W. (S. Tottenham).—Though your husband has been two years in the Navy, they still keep "calling him up," even sending police for him. As you have written four times, let them call, and call, and call. But don't worry yourself on any account.

SAPPER J. McC. (E.E.F.).—Snapshot shows a soldier's rations in Egypt, surmounted by a copy of us, entitled "Food for Mind and Body." Jock, ye do us proud.

"MATRON" (City Road, E.C.).—The grateful mother who wrote to the doctor "Baby seems to be going on lovely now, will you kindly repeat same," appears to think a doctor's duties are all embracing.

PTE. J. HUGHES (G.H.Q., Bagdad).—This message is from your wife:—"Received £5 all right; am sorry you do not get my letters, as I have sent many, and parcels. Best love."

"A BOMBARDIER" (France).—We don't think it matters whether we wear trousers, breeches, or fig-leaves after the war, so long as we shun the Huns for good and all.

"SOMME" (France).—To repeat "We hold *all* the cards" is not to say old Hindenburg will believe it till we play 'em.

B. G. R. (East Dulwich, S.E.).—We would certainly "like to congratulate Miss Sharman"—of whose work in connection with the Southwark Orphans' Home you speak so highly. She is hereby congratulated on both cheeks.

"A SHIRKER" (Thornton Heath).—"The C.O.s are not cowards. Their conscience does not really forbid them to kill; they simply call themselves conscientious objectors as it is the only excuse the War Office will recognise." So the best their friends can say of them is that they are thundering liars.

T.H.S. (Cardiff).—The "Home and Colonial" are sugar distributors for the Government. They allege they impose no conditions of sale, but do their best to serve only their regular customers.

J. D. (Islington).—"On a recent holiday in Wiltshire I had the pleasure of assisting one of them, who was an outfitter's assistant, to find some stray calves." Whose?

"SEPTIMUS" (Macclesfield).—If you and your wife submit "Bullets" coupons, they can be sent in the same envelope.

S. H. (Cinderford).—"The greengrocer sold me seed potatoes at 8s. 6d. per peck of 14 lbs. He bought them at the enormous price of 2s. 9d. per cwt. How can he carry on with such heavy losses?" 'Sawful, isn't it?

LIEUT.-COMM. B. T. (Worthing).—We are proud to receive a letter from a sailor who "went to sea in 1860" and yet has "several times volunteered for service since the war began." Your hand, sir!

A. M. (Sheffield).—The mother of the late Pte. Wm. Marshall, B. Co., 10th Batt. Canadian E.F., reported killed in action, April 28, desires to hear from anyone who was near him at the time.

"GENERAL" (Edinburgh) writes us on the delicate subject of his hair: "I have rather a thick mop which is very unusual for my age, 45, and naturally I am very proud of it. The fact is I want it to curl, being somewhat of a ladies' man." It is brains and strength the ladies admire, you besotted old philanderer, not mops of hair. Join up. The drill sergeant will soon make your hair curl.

"SURREY READER."—Yes, you will be quite correct to assist the Kingston Great War Market—to be held on the 19th June—to the best of your ability. The fact that the organiser is "Winifred Graham" is quite sufficient guarantee of the merits of the scheme.

S. R. T. (Southsea).—Have not seen it ourselves, but the notice the cautious publican is alleged to have exhibited on the premises is "No Treating Aloud."

"BUSINESS" (Birmingham).—You are not the only shopkeeper who believes this war was invented in order that other men should be sent to fight abroad while he stays to bleed the public at home.

D. R. S. (Streatham).—It does not strike us as advisable to curse the sergeant because he curses you. Would probably pay you better to buy him beer.

"POULTRY" (Surbiton).—Perhaps the cat got it. The tragedy reminds us of that other one: "Somebody's stole our old blue hen, Oh where, oh where be she? She used to lay two eggs a day, And Sundays she'd lay three."

"JAMIE" (Auld Reekie).—"My dear JOHN BULL you did your best, With all your talents gifted, To make it hot for Devonport, And now you've got him shifted." The Press Bureau says he has retired on account of ill-health.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

COMPANY NOTICES.

THE ARIZONA CONSOLIDATED COPPER MINES, LTD.

The following particulars have been supplied to us by the Secretary:—

"The manager reports on June 7th that, as a result of exhaustive tests the company's ores have proved particularly suitable for treatment by the Flotation method of separation, and negotiations are in progress for the erection of a plant."

The importance of this announcement will be appreciated, when it is mentioned that it is estimated that an increase of over 20 per cent. in the amount of copper extracted from the ores will be obtained.

Particulars of the company's property:—

Capital £150,000,

Divided into 150,000 Shares of £1 each.

Issue	£135,000
Reserve...	15,000
	£150,000

MONTANA.—The Alliance group of 8 Claims, situated at Armstead, South of Butte city, the Butte Camp being the largest and most important copper district of the world.

The copper lode which runs through the property has a width of five feet, and in the various shafts good grade of ore has been opened up, particularly in the "Central" Claim. Nine per cent. copper is showing at the bottom of the shaft.

The position of the property is excellent for economical working, situated as it is in a district well opened up by railways from the seaboard and manufacturing centres. Timber, fuel, plant, etc., can be delivered at low rates, and smelters are also within easy distance of the mines. Development work is proceeding with good results.

On an adjacent property the extension of this lode is proved, having a width of five feet and carrying twelve per cent. of copper, there being also a parallel lode, upon which tungsten has been discovered carrying seven per cent. over two feet. (Tungsten is selling at 3,000 dollars per ton. Montana produces 25,376,000 lbs. of copper yearly.

ARIZONA (6 Claims).—The property has an area of about 120 acres, is highly mineralised in copper.

The values of the lode as developed in the workings show from 4 per cent. to 40 per cent. of copper for smelting ores. The producing companies in this State are reducing ores as low in value as 2½ per cent. of copper and paying large dividends.

The outcrop of the Main Lode or vein has been proved (by means of tunnels, cuttings and shafts) *giving good values over the entire length.*

Arizona is fabulously rich in copper, its yearly production is 35,823,000 lbs., and some of the mines have no less than thirty years' supply of ore in sight.

The registered office of the company is Throgmorton House, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C. The Secretary will be pleased to forward further particulars of the company upon application.

The Investor's Opportunity.
A Low-Priced Share
with Great Possibilities.

OCEANA DEVELOPMENT

FULLY-PAID SHARES.

Now about 7/9 Originally £3 10/-

KNOWN IN THE MARKET AS

"OCEAN DEVELS."

THE BRILLIANT PROSPECTS of the Company were confirmed at the meeting of Shareholders held at Winchester House, a report of which recently appeared in the financial and other papers, a copy of which will be forwarded on request. An expenditure of £10,000 in cash, free of liability to the Company, to be advanced for the development of the property by outside financial interests.

"OCEAN DEVELS"
These are not a speculation, but an Investment which should produce sensational results. The position and prospects of the Company were not so well understood when the shares were quoted *ten times* the price of to-day.

"OCEAN DEVELS"
On again reaching the original quotation would result in a profit of £350 to each purchaser now of 100 shares at a cost only of £35.

"OCEAN DEVELS"
Only a very few shares are to be had in the open market. Steady buying in anticipation of these developments has been going on recently by the few "in the know," with the result the shares are scarce, and shareholders are more disposed to increase than part with their present holdings.

"OCEAN DEVELS"
If you decide to acquire these shares you must buy them at once, whether through us, your own Broker or Banker it matters not. Any delay might necessitate a very much higher price having to be paid. A little money goes a long way.

20	Shares	can	be	bought	for about	£8	0 0
50	"	"	"	"		£20	0 0
100	"	"	"	"		£40	0 0
500	"	"	"	"		£200	0 0
1,000	"	"	"	"		£400	0 0

"OCEAN DEVELS"
The Property consists of 50,000 acres. The surface rights alone are valued at £62,500. The mineral rights retained by the company on a comparison with the present value of contiguous claims may prove worth millions. Modderfontein, Spring Mines, and Brackpans are all in the same district, and are now quoted at premiums of £3 to £17 a share.

"OCEAN DEVELS"
We invite your business. We will give you all the information you desire, free of any charge or obligation. But if you prefer your Broker or Banker can get you the Shares.

But be Sure and Buy at Once.

R. A. SMITH & CO.,

INVESTMENT BROKERS (Estab. 1889.)

418-19-20-21-22, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C. 2.

Telegrams { "Liability," London. Telephone { 5804 58 5 } Gerrard

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2ND Prize £25

3RD Prize £10

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES	2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose any of the 32 examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—THE WRONG GIRL. Bullet:—NOT IN MUNITION WORKS. Example:—WAR BREAD. Bullet:—HARD TO EAT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated July 7th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated June 16th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 242.

BRITISH AIRMEN	SAVING THE SITUATION	DRINKING TEA	FATHER HATES
SHORTENING THE WAR	ON A GOOD THING	WHAT FLAPPER LIKES	PUTTING IT ON
GERMAN RAIDERS	PASSING THE HAT	FANCY DRESS	WAR BREAD
IN FOR TROUBLE	CORPORAL PUNISHMENT	A DIRECT HIT	THE WRONG GIRL
WAR WAGERS	IRISHMAN'S RISE	LUCKY MAN	LOVING WIFE
WHEN DUTY CALLS	WHEN TOMMY VOTES	DEVIL TO PAY	TAKING IN WASHING
STOOD ABOUT ENOUGH	FOOD PROFITEERS	PRETTY CLOSE	HOW TO GET FAT
WORKING WONDERS	CAUGHT IN THE ACT	THERE'S NO TELLING	TOASTING THE KAISER

Closing Date, Thursday, June 21st.

No.
Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(242) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed
Address

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 242, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 21st.

No.
Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(242) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, June 21st.

No.
Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(242) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed
Address

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 243. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JUNE 28th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **243** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 243,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 243:

Russian Soldiers	Bad Start	Saving Wife	Repairing Home	Up And Doing
Fighting for Freedom	Bone Of Contention	In The Air	Most Worrying When	Nearly Finished
Pressing Need	Silly Chap	Her Ring	Waiting To Be Fetched	Next Flag Day
Can't Tell Why	Expecting Too Much	What Father Says	Controlling Prices	The Kaiser's Luck

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 239th 'BULLETS' COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:—

Sgt. WM. D. CRAIG, R.M.A., Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth.
Example:—FETCHING CUTHBERT.
Bullet:—"APPEALS" HAVING PROVED USELESS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. JOHN LLOYD, 21, Ventnor Gardens, Monkseaton.
Example:—MY ALLOTMENT.
Bullet:—I'VE CHRISTENED IT "ASQUITH."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mr. SAMUEL SPENCER, Church House, Cottingham, Market Harborough.
Example:—WARNING THE KAISER.
Bullet:—"SET ABOUT" HIM NOW.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. CHAS. RICHARDSON, 19, Lennox Road, Worthing: COMRADES IN ARMS—"RED TAPE" AND INEFFICIENCY.
Mrs. R. STEVENSON, Alexandra Drive, Alloa, N.B.: FINISHING THE WAR—"END" OF THE "BEGINNERS."
Mrs. D. SIMPSON, 28, Schooner Street, Radford, Notts: IN FULL SWING—HUNS THINK STARVATION HERE.
Mr. E. JAMES, 36, Elm Park Rd., C.E. Finchley, London, N: NEVER BEATEN—THAT'S NOT GOVERNMENT'S FAULT.
Mr. J. WILKINSON, 4, Varley Street, Miles Platting, Manchester: TRUSTING WIFE—YOU CAN ALWAYS "TELL."
Mr. A. W. THORNHILL, Yarborough Road, Lincoln: TRUSTING WIFE—OFTEN "ENTERTAINING" YOUNG THING.
Mr. R. GORST, North Road, Lancaster: UNKNOWN QUANTITY—"DRUNK" IN PRE-WAR DAYS.
Mr. A. SMITH, c.o. Roger and Rennick, Wigan: MY ALLOTMENT—"SHOWER"! MAKES "FINE."
Miss L. A. PUGH, Balaclava Shop, Dowlais, South Wales: WANTED TO FIGHT—OTHERS "BESIDE" TOMMY NOWADAYS.
Mr. H. H. BENSON, 11, Fir Road, Waterloo, Liverpool: MY ALLOTMENT—TAKEN TO "SATISFY" FAMILY.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. JAMES TIDBURY, 3, Elmgrove Villas, Weybridge: Surrey
IN SORE STRAITS—"SPECULATED" ABOUT EARLY PEACE.
Mr. A. CROSS, 139, Pasley St., Stoke, Devonport: IN SORE STRAITS—SCHOOLBOY NAMED CUTHBERT.
Mrs. I. MACILRAVEY, Westwood, Newton Stewart, N.B.: WARNING THE KAISER—HIS PROGRESS—"NOT MUCH."
Mr. L. A. SNART, Curzon House, Boxley Rd., Maidstone: UNKNOWN QUANTITY—DAMAGES AFTER DEDUCTING COSTS.
Mr. S. COX, 12, Rostron St., Levenshulme, Manchester: TAKING IN LODGER—HOLLAND'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS GERMANY.
(Sent in on a Free Target Prize Coupon.)
Mr. T. CAIRNS, 37, Alma Rd., St. Albans, Herts: HAVING HIS FILL—RACEHORSE NOW "IN CLOVER."
Mrs. E. HOMER, 11, Mona Avenue, Wills Street, Smethwick: FINISHING THE WAR—OVER AGE, UNDER ARMS.
Mr. W. RODGER, 196, Taylor St., Aberhill, Methil, Fife: GOOD BUSINESS—SUBMARINE—UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.
Mrs. EUPHEMIA EDGAR, 16, Elderpark St., Govan, Glasgow: QUEER CARD—TICKET ON COSTER'S BARROW.
Mr. W. J. JONES, Corbrackey, Portadown, Ireland: IN SORE STRAITS—RUSSIA, FOR MODERN CROMWELL.

Complete List of All Cash and Other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

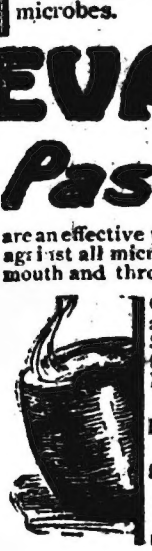
Summertime uses for Evans' Pastilles—No. 2.

Smokers' Throat

An annoying complaint arising from inflammation set up by over-indulgence in tobacco. Any Inflammation of the throat weakens the powers of resistance of the affected part, and encourages the attack of hostile microbes.

EVANS' Pastilles

are an effective precautionary measure against all microbes which attack the mouth and throat.



Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores—or post free from the Makers. . 1/3 PER TIN.

EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB, Ltd., 56, Hanover Street, Liverpool.

B.C.3

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Splendid Cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. Clark, 1, Rose Terrace, Douglas Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, says, "I was so terribly weak, that I could hardly drag about, and once or twice actually fainted in the street. I hardly closed my eyes for nights at a time, and I ate so little that I went down to under 6 stone in weight. Naturally I became more and more neurasthenic, weak, wasted, and just a bundle of nerves. For nearly three years I was at home unable to work, and the awful depression I felt I cannot describe. Ordinary medicine did no good, but Dr. Cassell's Tablets, as my friends say, worked a miracle. Very soon I began to feel better. I could eat and sleep, and rapidly my strength came back. At the present time I am in splendid health, and have increased my weight to 8 stone 6 lbs."

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the safest and most effective home treatment for :—

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Wasting Diseases
Nerve Paralysis	Anæmia,	Palpitation
Spinal Weakness	Kidney Disease,	Premature Decay
Infantile Paralysis	Stomach Disorder	Loss of Flesh
Nervous Debility	Mal-Nutrition	Brain Fag

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Prices : 1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s.—the 3s. size being the most economical.

FREE INFORMATION

If you want to have further information relative to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, in your case, free of all charge, write to the Manager, Dept. C., 155, Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester.

Flatulence:

"The pleasure and relief I feel after taking Guy's Tonic are more than I can find words to express."

—M. Binns, Manor Park.

Guy's Tonic ensures the complete Digestion and Assimilation of the Food eaten. It corrects Flatulence, prevents Constipation, removes Pain, cures Indigestion and Nerve Debility—absolutely. By its aid a high standard of good general Health is established.

Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere at 1/3 per bottle. It is the cheapest as well as the best Remedy obtainable.

The Name **PHILLIPS**

on Rubber Heels and Tips is a Guarantee of QUALITY

PHILLIPS' PATENTS LTD., 142 OLD ST. LONDON E.C.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. Furniture, Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow DISCOUNT FOR CASH or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Estab. 28 years. CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

Mention "John Bull" when writing.

BANKERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED.

HEAD OFFICE :

5, Threadneedle St., London, E.C.2

Subscribed Capital - £22,947,804
Paid-up Capital - - £4,780 792
Reserve Fund - - - £4,000,000

Over 1,000 Branches in England and Wales.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following has sent in a correct claim:—
ALBERT CROSSLEY, 385, Edenfield Road, Rochdale, Lancs. May 19th. 779,128.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of June 9th:—

017,345	273,842	624,872	857,855	A245,136
036,740	300,160	655,037	883,208	A283,557
072,845	328,242	681,042	917,744	A310,408
137,851	336,877	703,487	968,199	A331,189
158,250	385,568	739,220	A012,114	A365,635
164,191	429,515	772,644	A045,472	A398,123
189,355	477,331	784,450	A081,131	A427,411
197,907	532,729	798,375	A137,551	A456,196
205,228	546,116	800,452	A140,177	A472,303
248,567	562,069	825,233	A229,458	A538,693

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published June 20th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for June 9, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 624,916 and A004,278. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE,** an Insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

June 16th, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

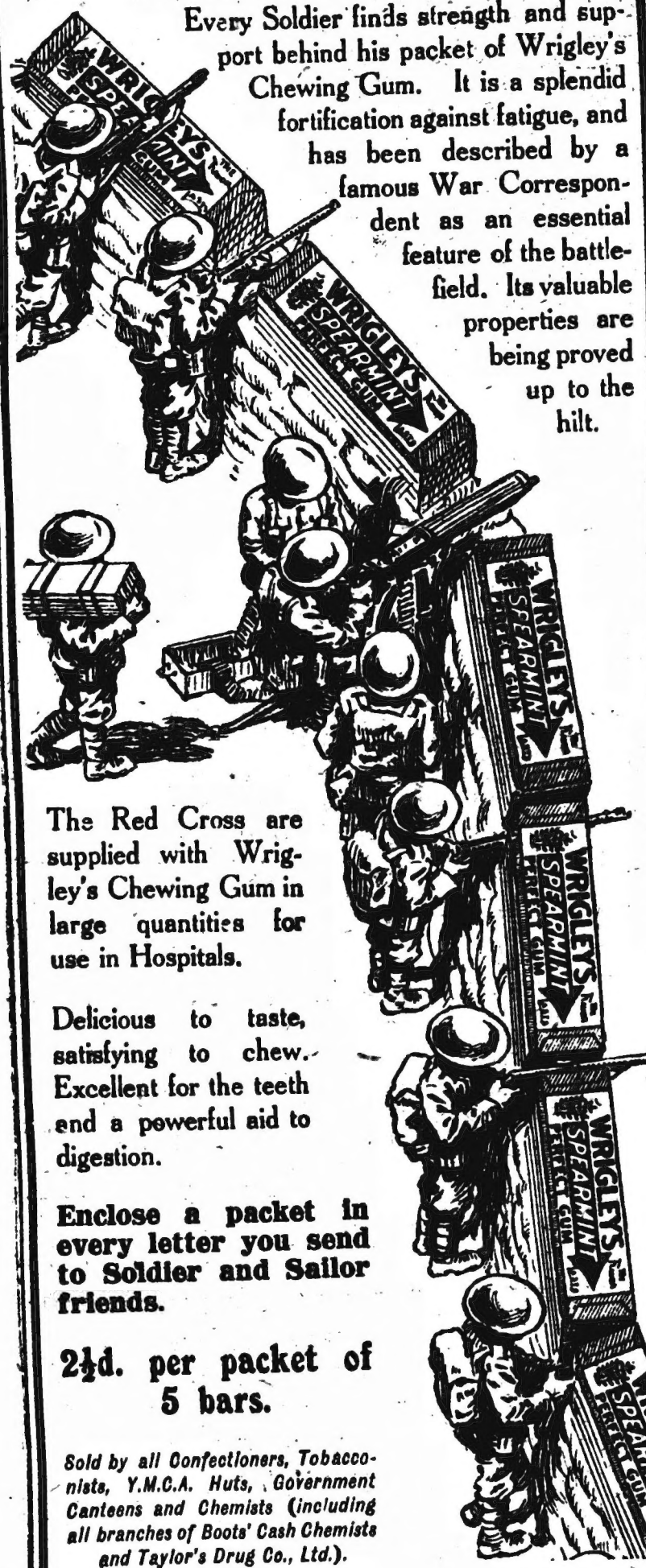
Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of Home .....

.....

June 16th, 1917.

A Piece of the British Line the Germans would like.



Every Soldier finds strength and support behind his packet of Wrigley's Chewing Gum. It is a splendid fortification against fatigue, and has been described by a famous War Correspondent as an essential feature of the battlefield. Its valuable properties are being proved up to the hilt.

The Red Cross are supplied with Wrigley's Chewing Gum in large quantities for use in Hospitals.

Delicious to taste, satisfying to chew. Excellent for the teeth and a powerful aid to digestion.

Enclose a packet in every letter you send to Soldier and Sailor friends.

2½d. per packet of 5 bars.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists (including all branches of Boots' Cash Chemists and Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.).

WRIGLEY'S, Ltd. **London, S.E. 1.**

KEEP A BOX HANDY
and laugh at HEADACHE

Carry a box of DAISY TABLETS with you always, and in future you can laugh at head and nerve pains—in every box is stored the quick, safe, modern cure for a dozen attacks. Wherever you may be when headache or nerve troubles arrive, if you have DAISY TABLETS handy you can stop the pain almostly instantly, five minutes after swallowing a couple you'll be so perfectly cured that you'll wonder whether the pain ever really existed.

DAISY

TABLETS

are a new and supremely convenient form of the wonderful DAISY powders, a remedy whose perfect safety and startling effectiveness is proved by its huge sales—often a million packets a week.

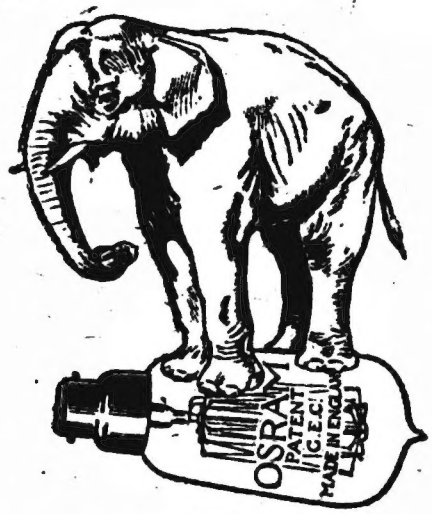
HOUSEWIVES' HEADACHES.

As a result of their work and worries in the home, many women are scarcely ever free from headache. To these sufferers, DAISY TABLETS are simply priceless—they *always* cure, and so swiftly that scarcely a moment of time is lost. Every housewife should keep a box at hand ready for instant use.

SAMPLE & TREATISE FREE.—If you would like to try DAISY TABLETS send us a penny stamp, and we will send you FREE a dainty sample box, along with a very useful Scientific Treatise on the causes and cure of head and nerve pains.

Sold by Boots, Taylor's, etc., and chemists everywhere, 1/3 per box, or direct post free, from Daisy, Ltd. (Dept T. 7), Leeds.

OSRAM FOR STRENGTH.



OSRAM
G.E.C.
LAMPS
ARE EXCLUSIVELY THE PRODUCT OF
BRITISH CAPITAL
BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIAL
MADE ONLY AT
HAMMERSMITH, LONDON.

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All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 85-93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Gerrard 9870 (seven lines).